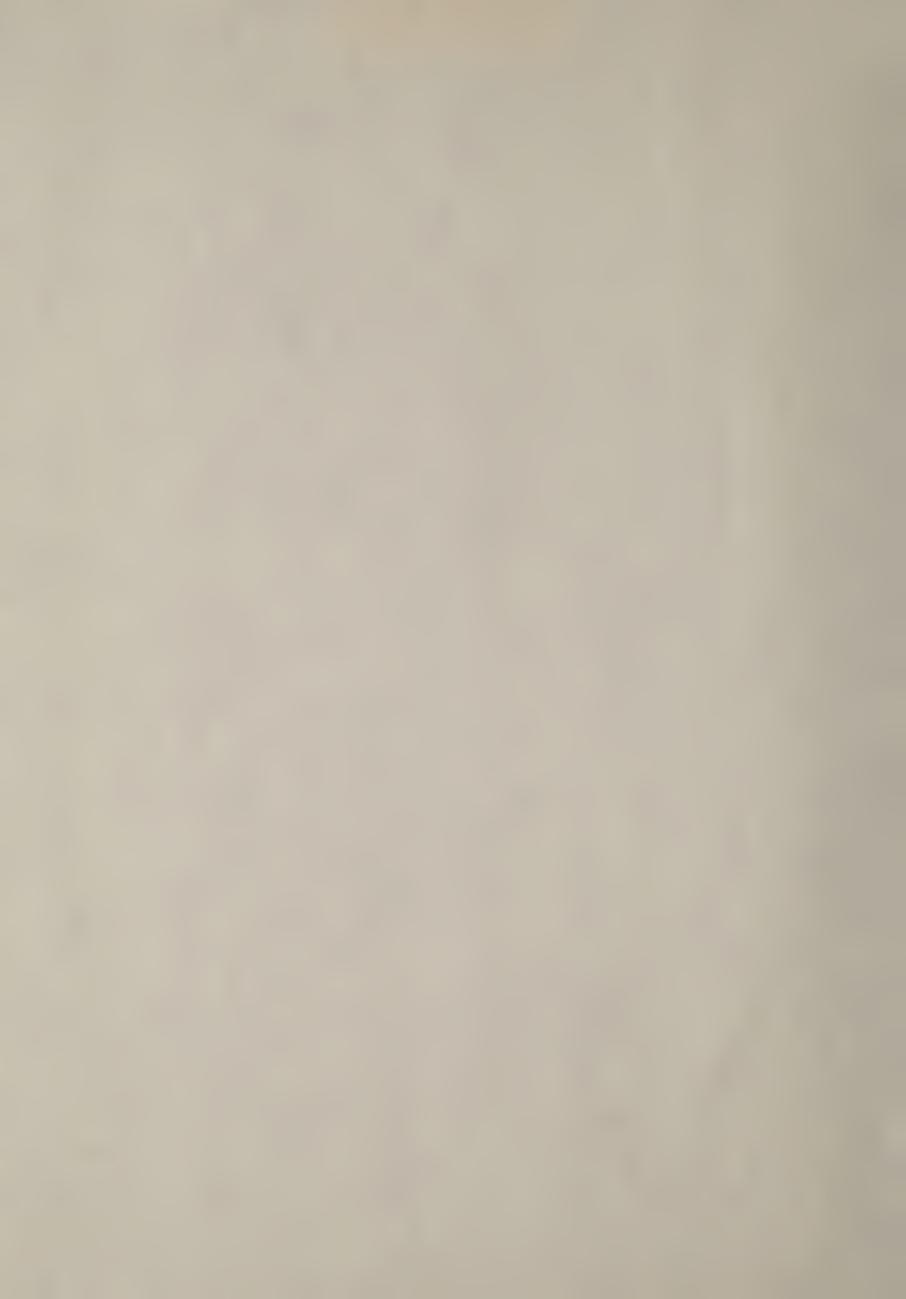
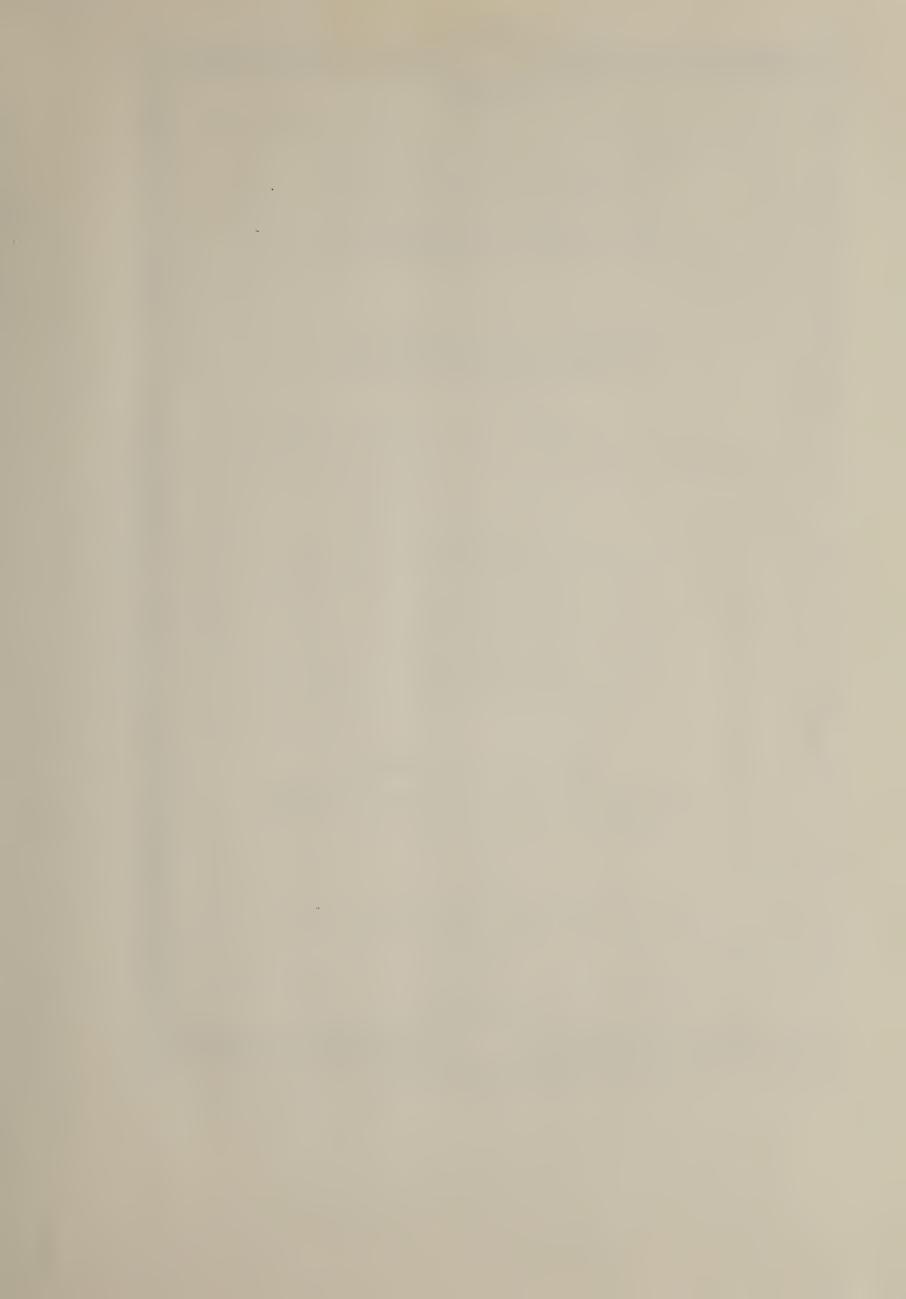


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AND of

## ALLIED FAMILIES

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Prepared and Privately Printed for

### HELEN LIVINGSTON McCLELLAN

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Inc.
NEW YORK
1930

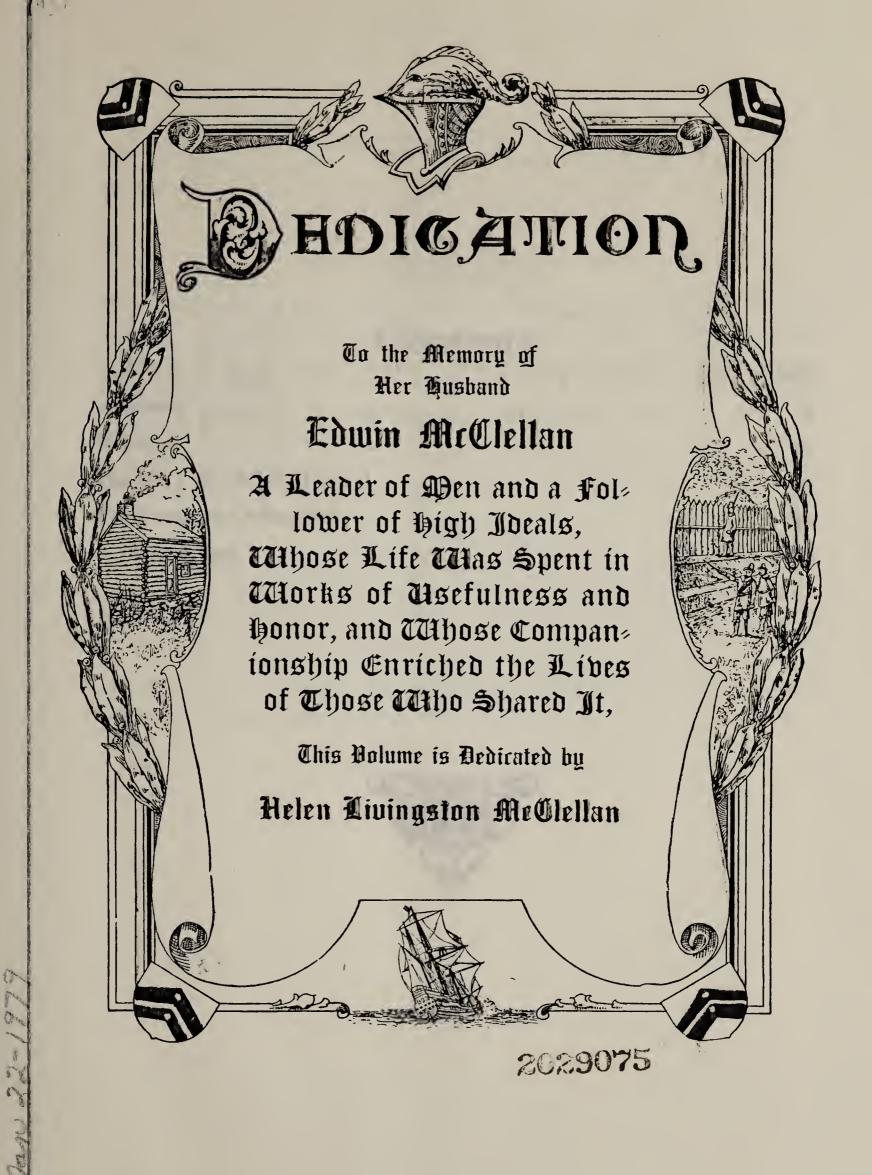
# MYNDERSE

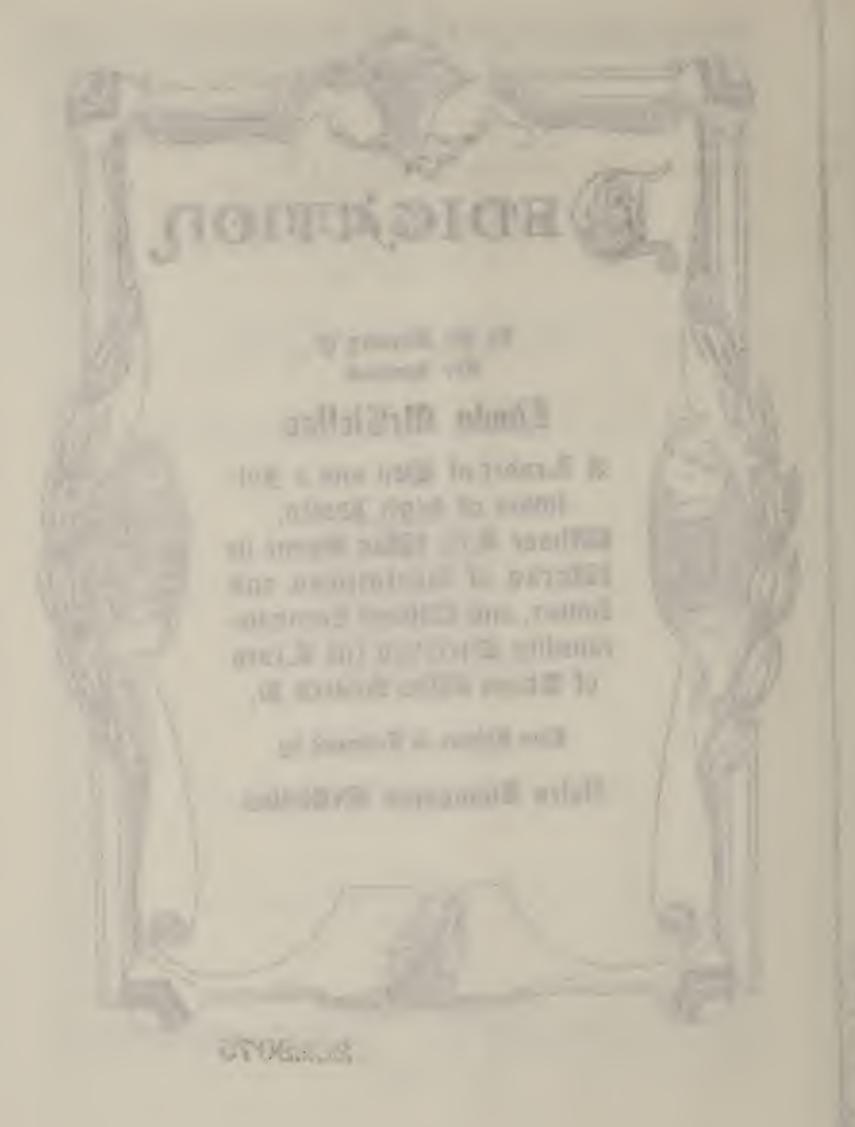
## ALCERT FAMILIES

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## Mynderse



WO brothers, Myndert and Carsten Frederickse, smiths, were among the early settlers of Beverwyck (now Albany, New York). They came from Iveren, Holland, and they were members of the Lutheran Church, of which Myndert was elder and Carsten deacon in 1680; the latter died probably about 1690, leaving four children. (Reference: Pearson's "Genealogies of the First Settlers")

of Schenectady," p. 125.)

I

MYNDERT FREDERICKSE was armorer to the fort (at Albany) in 1697. Some of this Myndert family assumed the surname Van Iveren from the place the family came from in Holland. The family name is frequently found in records of both Schenectady and Albany, New York. (References: Munsell, "Albany Collections," Vol. IV, p. 149; Van Patten, "History of the City and County of Schenectady, New York," gives same detail as above. Neither record goes beyond late 1700.)

# Mynderse

H

JOHANNES MYNDERSE came to Schenectady in 1700. He was the son of Myndert Frederickse, of Albany. By trade he was a blacksmith and armorer to the fort, and like most other inhabitants of the village, an Indian trader. In 1723 he was arrested by the sheriff of Albany County and brought before the council for, contrary to the ordinances of the city of Albany, having harbored in his house Indians with beaver and other peltry, whereupon he was fined ten pounds, and in default of payment the sheriff was ordered to keep said Johannes safely in the common jail, from which he shortly after escaped. To punish the sheriff, the Common Council resolved that he pay Johannes' fine. Johannes appealed his case to Supreme Court and gained it. It is believed this decision effectually established the rights of citizens of Schenectady to the same privileges of the citizens of Albany. He made his will May 4, 1754, and died in 1757, aged about ninety years, and at his death he owned property on the west corner of Mill Lane and State Street, also on the north side of State Street, at No. 93, about where the Barney store now stands; east of it he owned property where he had a blacksmith shop and bolting house. He married Gertruy, daughter of Jacques Cornelise Van Slyck. (References: Pearson's "Genealogies of First Settlers of Albany, New York," p. 125; A. A. Yates, "Schenectady County, New York," p. 63.)

#### III

MYNDERT MYNDERSE, eldest son of Johannes and Gertruy (Van Slyck) Mynderse, was born January 29, 1706, and died in 1763. He inherited from his father the premises, No. 93 State Street, and land east of it on which were a blacksmith shop and a bolting shop. He married Maria, daughter of Jan Barentse Wemp. (Reference: A. A. Yates, "Schenectady County, New York," p. 259.)

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#### IV

BARENT MYNDERSE, son of Myndert and Maria (Wemp) Mynderse, was born February 6, 1747; married, December 2, 1770, Jannetje Van Vranken. He had daughters, Gertrude and Margaret. He died August 30, 1815. (Reference: A. A. Yates, "Schenectady County, New York," p. 260.)

#### IV

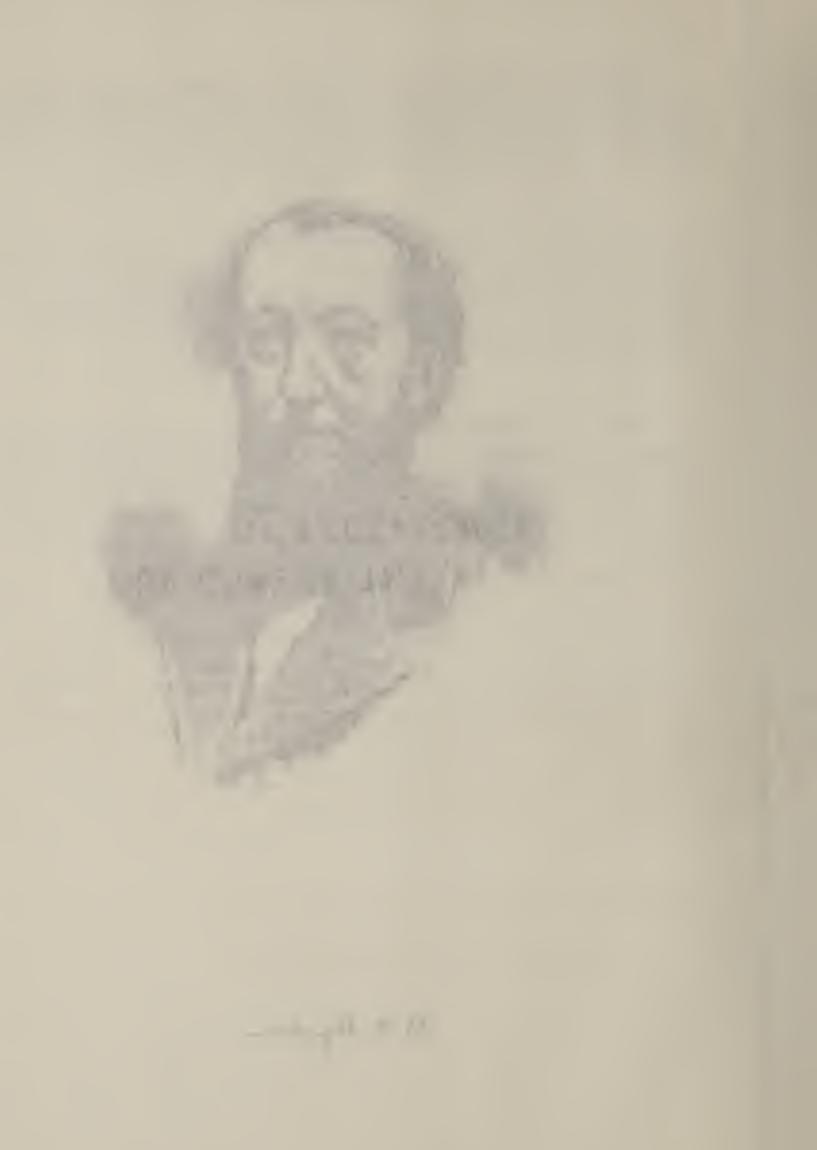
COLONEL JOHANNES MYNDERSE, son of Myndert and Maria (Wemp) Mynderse, was born October 18, 1741. He married Annatje Vedder, daughter of Simon Vedder. He died October 29, 1815, aged seventy-four years, and fourteen days, and is buried in Vale Cemetery, Schenectady, New York. His wife died March 9, 1825.

#### V

AARON MYNDERSE, son of Colonel Johannes and Annatje (Vedder) Mynderse, was born September 3, 1793. He was a merchant and highly respected citizen of Schenectady. He married Anna Maria Vedder, daughter of Rev. Herman Vedder, pastor for sixty-two years of the old Vedder church at Gallatin, Columbia County, New York. They were the parents of Dr. Barent A. Mynderse.



B. A. My den





Albertina S. Mynderse



#### VI

DR. BARENT A. MYNDERSE, son of Aaron and Anna Maria (Vedder) Mynderse, was born in Schenectady, June 15, 1829, and died there October 2, 1887. He was one of the most highly respected citizens and professional men of Schenectady, possessing great sagacity, quick perception, sound judgment, noble impulses, and remarkable force and determination of character; and as a physician he was held in the highest estimation by his fellow-citizens.

Dr. Mynderse received his early education in the public schools of Schenectady, and after successfully and creditably completing the course there, he entered Union College, from which he was graduated in the class of 1849. He then entered Albany Medical College, from which he was graduated in the class of 1853 with the degree of M. D. For six months after graduation he practiced his profession in the small towns of Oriskany and Floyd, near Utica, New York. He then returned to his native Schenectady, where he remained ministering to the rich and the poor until his death. Dr. Mynderse was a Democrat in his politics. Though he had no desire to enter public office, he was deeply interested in the cause of education, and was induced to become a member of the Schenectady Board of Education, which position he held for about nineteen years, and for several years of that period he was president of the board. He also served as a member of the Schenectady Board of Health.

He was a director of the Mohawk National Bank, a member of the Delta Phi college fraternity, and curator of the Albany Medical College. For twenty-eight years previous to 1869 there had been no regular medical society in Schenectady, and on January 19 of that year the Schenectady County Medical Society was organized, and Dr. Mynderse was made a censor.

Dr. Barent A. Mynderse married, May 29, 1860, Albertina Sanders Ten Broeck, daughter of General Leonard W. Ten Broeck. Mrs. Mynderse was born in Livingston, Columbia County, New York, April 23, 1835, and died in Schenectady, November 13, 1900.

Children:

- I. Dr. Herman Vedder, of whom further.
- 2. Helen Livingston, married Edwin McClellan. (See McClellan Line.)
- 3. William Ten Broeck Mynderse, of whom further.

Dr. Mynderse's social standing was of the highest, and was only equalled by his professional standing. Affable and genial in nature, he was ever a welcome guest in the best circles, where he was respected and honored for his sterling character, professional skill, candid sincerity and attractive manner. He devoted his life to his profession. To attain the honor and success that he had reached, he had never resorted to extraneous means or influences by which popularity is sometimes purchased at the expense of science and truth. There was nothing of hauteur in Dr. Mynderse; he did not stand aloof from his fellowmen, but met all on the common plane of universal brotherhood, and found his friends, who were almost numberless, among the young and old, the rich and poor. (Reference: A. A. Yates, "Schenectady County, New York," p. 149.)

#### VII

DR. HERMAN VEDDER MYNDERSE, son of Dr. Barent A. Mynderse and Albertina Sanders (Ten Broeck) Mynderse, was a life-long resident of Schenectady County, New York, and was born in that city, May 29, 1861, died March 5, 1919. He attended the Schenectady public schools, and was graduated from Union Classical Institute in 1880 and from Union College, class of 1884, with the degree of B. A., and from Albany Medical College, class of 1887, with the degree of M. D. He served his interneship at the Nursery and Child's Hospital, New York City.

Dr. Mynderse began his practice in the office of his father in Schenectady; on the latter's death, in 1887, he became his successor and continued in practice until his own death. In many respects his career paralleled that of his father; besides following him in his profession, he held offices which had been his father's in educational circles and business, and became affiliated with the same societies as had his father.

When the village of Scotia, New York, was incorporated, in 1904, he was elected its first president, and held that office until 1909, in which period he rendered invaluable service to the new village. He was a member of the Schenectady

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Board of Education, from 1892 to 1900, and for the last two years was president of the board (following his father, who had been a member of the board for nineteen years and had also served as its president). He was a director of the Mohawk National Bank, having been elected in 1891, and had also served the bank as vice-president and president; trustee of the Schenectady Savings Bank; a member of the Schenectady County Medical Society and the Medical Society of the State of New York, the Schenectady County Historical Society, Delta Phi college fraternity, Mohawk Club, and Mohawk Golf Club. His religious fellowship was with the First Reformed Church, of Schenectady, of whose consistory he was a member.

Dr. Herman V. Mynderse married, October 1, 1908, Helen Louise Douw, daughter of General De Peyster Douw, of Poughkeepsie, New York. (Reference: A. A. Yates, "Schenectady County, New York," p. 148.)

As did his gifted and esteemed father, so the son lent distinction to the Mynderse family, one of the oldest in Schenectady, and whose name is one of the most honorable in the history of the city.

#### VII

WILLIAM TEN BROECK MYNDERSE, son of Dr. Barent A. Mynderse and Albertina Sanders (Ten Broeck) Mynderse, was born in Schenectady, New York, August 1, 1871, and after graduation from the Schenectady High School in 1889, entered Union College, where he was graduated in 1893. Choosing architecture as his life work, he studied in the Metropolitan Architectural School in New York City, completing his course in 1896 and returning to his birthplace, where he has since followed his profession. In Schenectady and elsewhere throughout the State there are many examples of his work, including the Mary McClellan Hospital at Cambridge, and these have won him high professional standing. Mr. Mynderse is a director of the Mohawk National Bank of Schenectady, an office he has held since 1919. He is a member of the Mohawk Golf Club, of Schenectady, the Order of Colonial Lords of Manors in America, and the Delta Phi Fraternity, Alpha Chapter.

Mr. Mynderse married, in Clermont, New York, September 7, 1905. Sarah Hulme Wilson, daughter of Harold and Mary Elisabeth Livingston (Sanders) Wilson. They have one daughter, Helen Livingston, born February 3, 1914. Mr. and Mrs. Mynderse are members of the First Reformed Church of Schenectady. They and their daughter give much cheer and pleasure through their Dutch hospitality in their home in Scotia, Holland House, overlooking the Lake and Mohawk River, with Schenectady in the distance.

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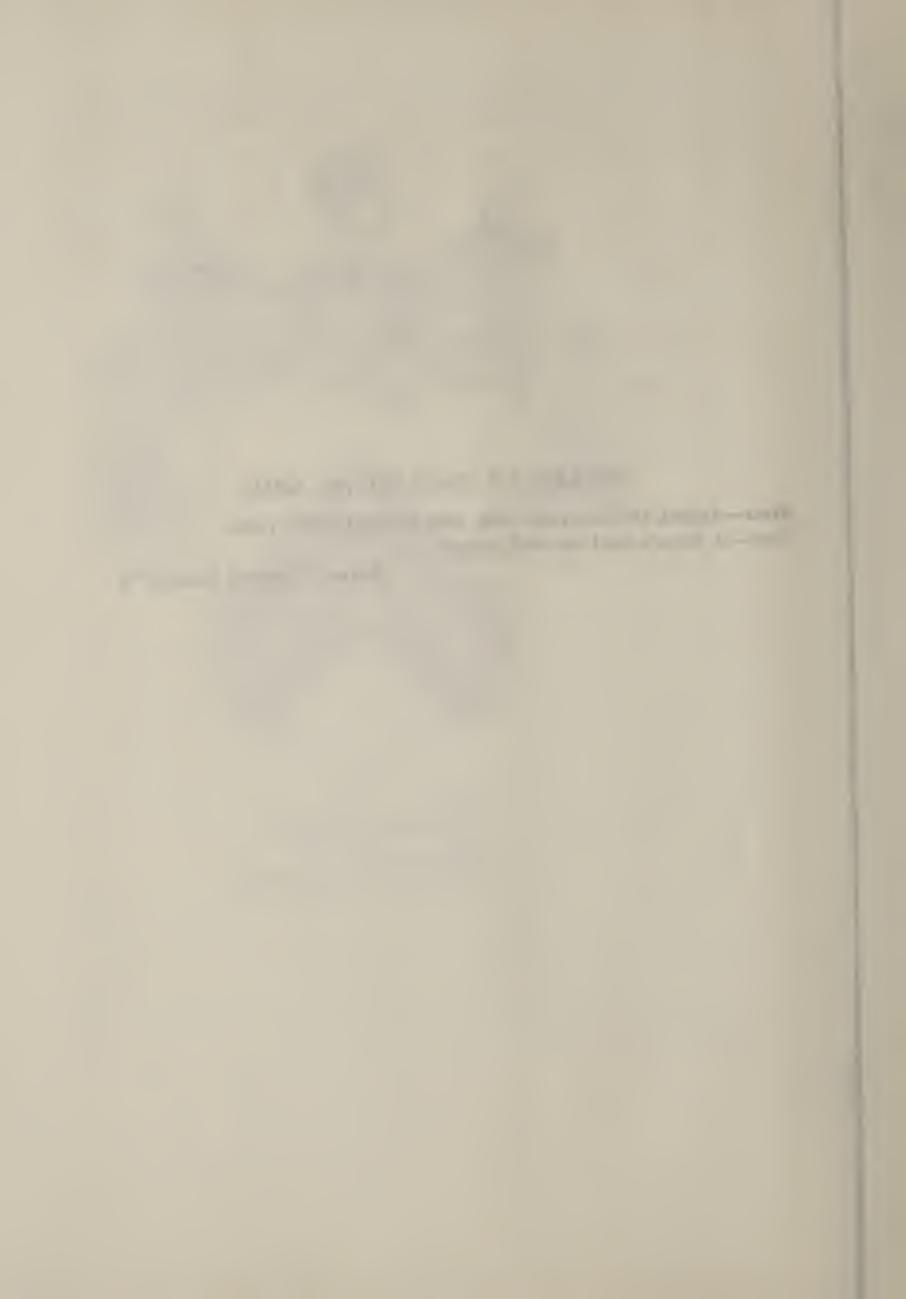
Maclellan (McClellan)



## MACLELLAN (McCLELLAN) ARMS

Arms—Argent, two chevrons sable, each charged with a plate. Crest—A Moor's head and neck proper.

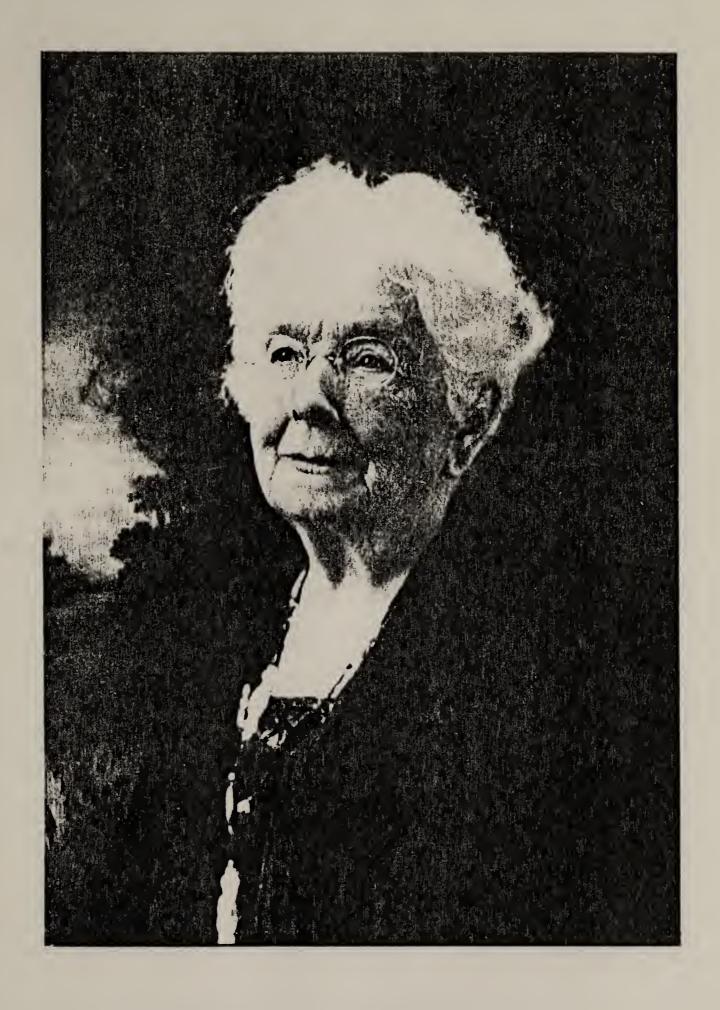
(Burke's "General Armory.")



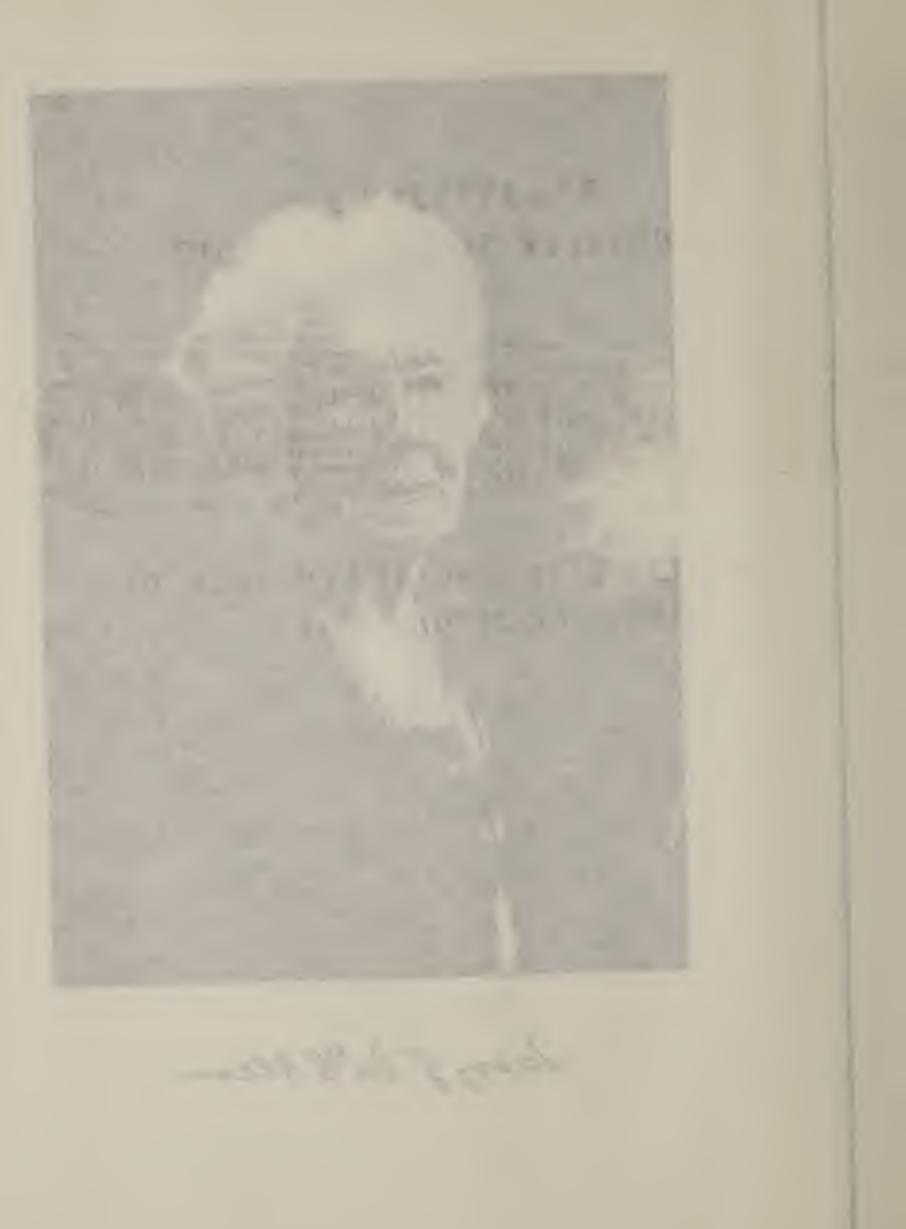


John H. Helitellun





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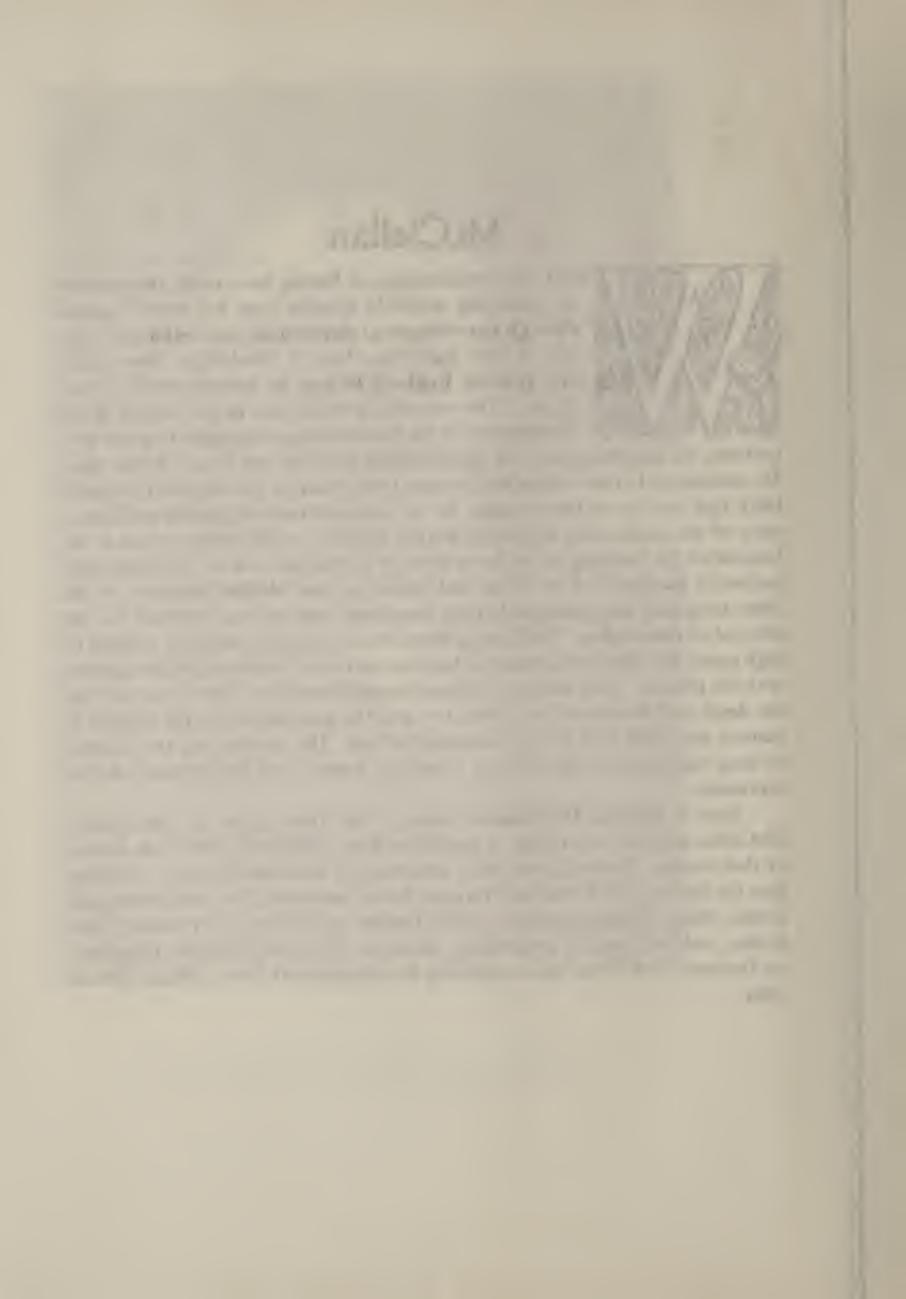


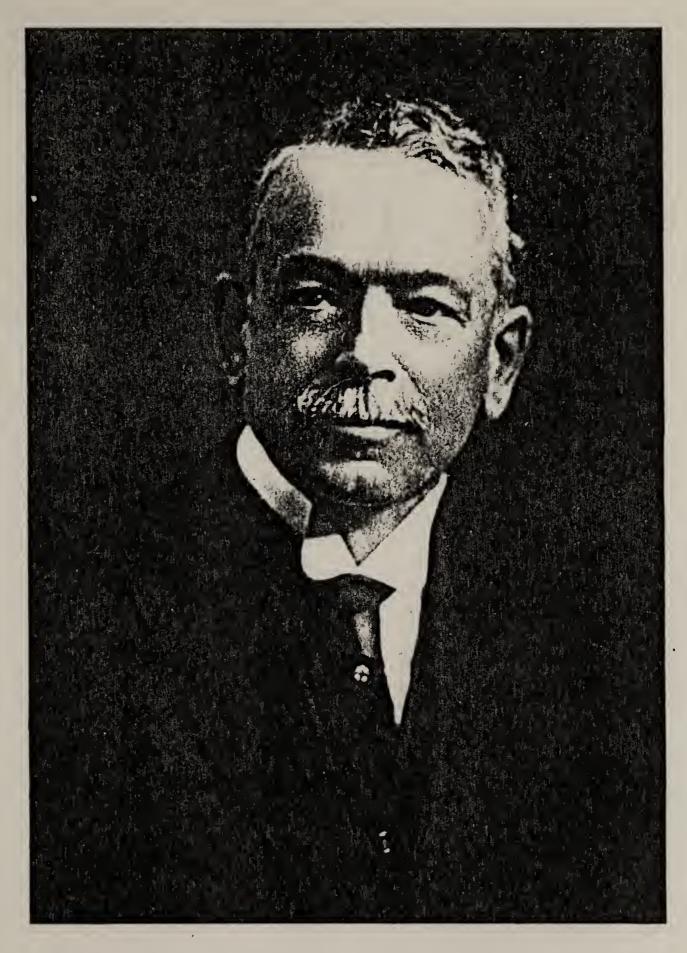
## McClellan

ITH the consciousness of having been made the medium of conveying manifold benefits upon his fellow-humans through the widespread distribution of a celebrated remedy, Edwin McClellan, late of Cambridge, New York, and London, England, became an internationally known figure. The remarkable work that he performed in the development of his humanitarian enterprise to great pro-

portions, he supplemented with philanthropic endeavor on a very large scale. He accumulated great wealth, and seemed fully aware of the increased responsibility that was his on that account, for he bestowed both religiously and generously of his means upon numerous worthy objects, notable among which is the hospital of his founding in his home town of Cambridge, one of the finest institutions of the kind in New York, and where the most skillful specialists of the State have now and again made their knowledge and services available for the afflicted of that region. Built along broad lines, possessing business acumen of high order, Mr. McClellan made his business serve as a handmaid in his relations with his fellows. This side of his nature he manifested in a degree that bespoke the depth and breadth of his character, and the genuineness of his interest in matters not allied with purely commercial effort. His passing was the occasion of deep mourning on the part of a host of friends and beneficiaries on two continents.

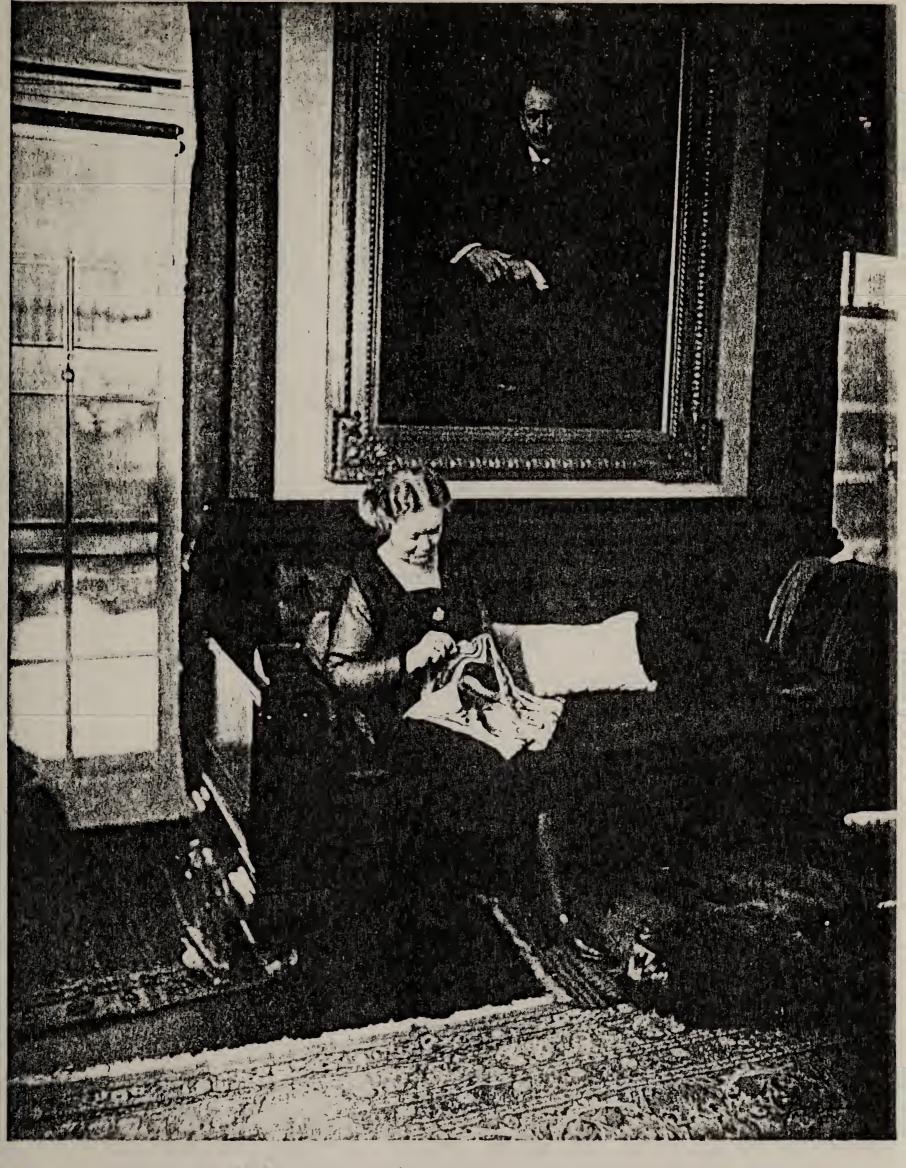
Born in Hebron, Washington County, New York, April 25, 1861, Edwin McClellan was the son of John A. and Mary Jane (Gilchrist) McClellan, natives of that county. He was given every advantage of a liberal education, attending first the district school near their farm on Lake Lauderdale, five miles from Cambridge village, then pursuing his studies further at Washington Academy, Cambridge, and finishing his preparatory course at Claverack Institute, Claverack-on-Hudson, New York, and concluding his education at Yale College, class of 1884.





Law M. Clellan



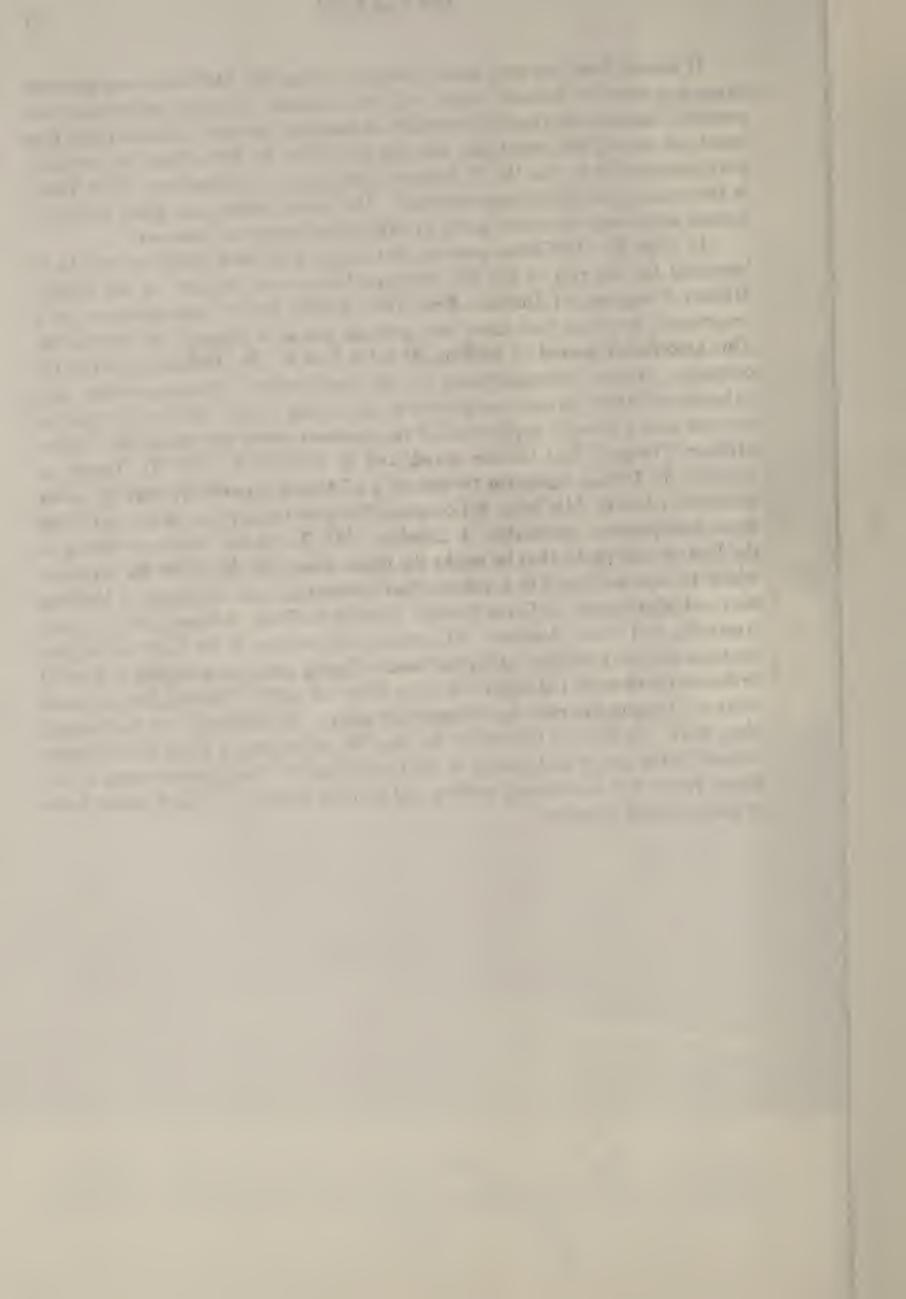


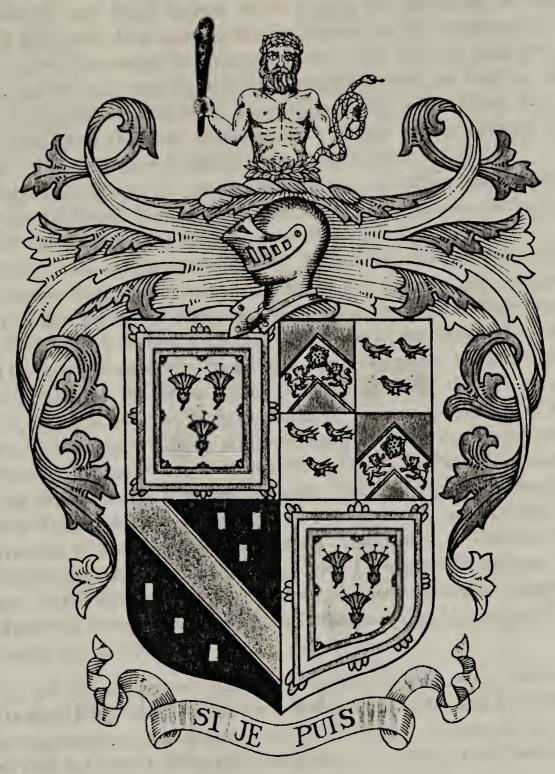
Helen Livingston (Mynderse) Mc. Clellan.



It seemed from the very first of his career that Mr. McClellan was destined to carve a name for himself in the world of business. A ready adaptability for publicity, salesmanship and other details of intensive business methods made him stand out among his associates, and not long after he left college his services were commanded by the W. T. Hanson Company, of Schenectady, New York, in the capacity of advertising manager. His innate ability and great resource-fulness aided very materially in the growth of his superiors' business.

In 1898 Mr. McClellan entered that larger field with which he was to be identified for the rest of his life, when he became an associate of the Foster-Milburn Company, of Buffalo, New York, widely known manufacturers of a proprietary medicine that came into popular use as a remedy for certain ills. This association proved of inestimable value both to Mr. McClellan and to the company. It gave him opportunity for the development of his powers that were to be accorded their proper recognition in the coming years. His active mind led him out into a broader application of the business policy for which the Foster-Milburn Company had become noted, and in association with Mr. Foster he acquired the British rights for the sale of a celebrated proprietary remedy, under the style of Foster, McClellan & Company, the concern carrying on its operations from headquarters established in London. Mr. McClellan took a residence in the British metropolis that he might the better direct the details of the business, which in time increased to a volume that commanded the attention of business men and pharmacists in Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, China, Australia, and South America. His remarkable success in his foreign business relations and the cordiality of his welcome in highly placed commercial and social circles of London did not wean him away from his native America, and he made visits at frequent intervals to his beautiful estate, "Meikleknox," at Cambridge, New York. In fact, to the end of his days he maintained a lively and intimate interest in the people and affairs of the town where he had spent so many of his happy years, first as a young student and in after years as a citizen whose bond he never sought to sever.





Nivingston



Stewardship was ever a lofty aim with Mr. McClellan. When wealth, measured in figures of such large import as to gratify the ambition in that direction of men of his ideals, had come to him in return for the investment of brain, energy and capital, he sought to employ a part of that gain to good purpose. In 1916, having hit most happily upon this worthy project, he founded at Cambridge, New York, and dedicated on January 5, 1919, with fitting ceremonies, the Mary McClellan Hospital, so named as a tribute to the memory of his beloved mother. The institution is described in detail below.

By this new gift the scope of the institution's work is greatly enlarged and its purpose of service furthered through Mrs. McClellan's devotion to the ideals she had shared with her husband for the future of the hospital.

The social instinct was well developed in Mr. McClellan, and his name was open sesame to a number of the most exclusive clubs of this country and London. He was a member of the Scroll and Key and Psi Upsilon societies of Yale University, the Yale Club, and University Club, of New York, the Mohawk Club, the Mohawk Golf Club, of Schenectady, New York, the Adirondack League Club, the Tourilli Club, of Canada, the Stoke Poges Club, of England, the American Society of London, and a trustee of "Yale in China." He was a great lover of out-of-door sports, and hunting, fishing, and golf were his favorite recreations. His religious affiliation formerly was with the First Dutch Reformed Church, of Schenectady, but this later was transferred to the First Presbyterian Church, of Cambridge, New York, where he also served as a trustee. He was a member of the board of trustees of the Woodlands Cemetery Association of Cambridge.

Edwin McClellan married, August 4, 1904, Helen Livingston Mynderse, of Schenectady, New York, daughter of Dr. Barent A. and Albertina Sanders (Ten Broeck) Mynderse, both of pioneer Dutch families. (See Mynderse VI.) The Livingston arms are as follows:

Arms—Quarterly, 1st and 4th argent, three gilly-flowers slipped gules, within a double tressure flory counter-flory vert; 2nd quarterly, 1st and 4th gules, on a chevron argent a rose between two lions passant, combatant of the first, 2nd and 3rd argent, three martlets gules; 3rd sable, a bend between six billets or.

Crest—A demi-savage proper wreathed about the head and middle with laurel, holding in the dexter hand a club erect, and in the sinister a serpent vert.

Motto—Si je puis. (If I can.)

(Matthews: "American Armoury," 1903 edition, p. 294.)

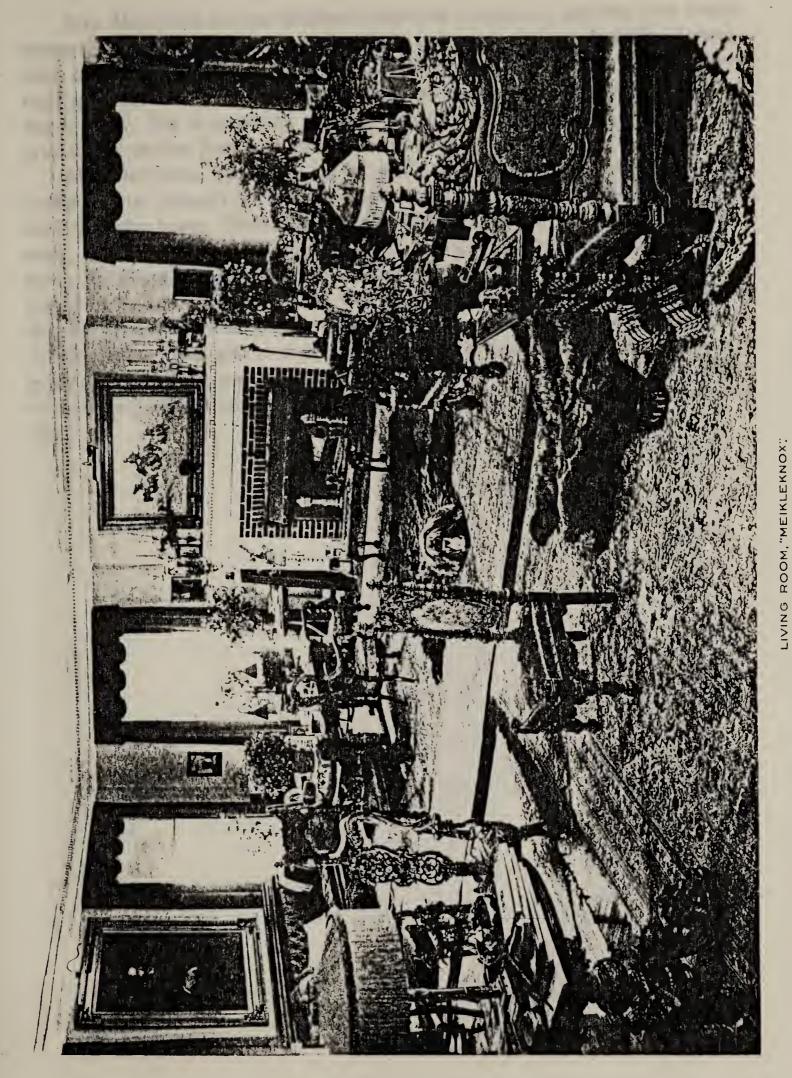
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## "MEIKLEKNOX;" RESIDENCE OF MRS. EDWIN MCCLELLAN CAMBRIDGE, N. Y.



ENTRANCE HALL, "MEIKLEKNOX" SHOWING HUNTING TROPHIES



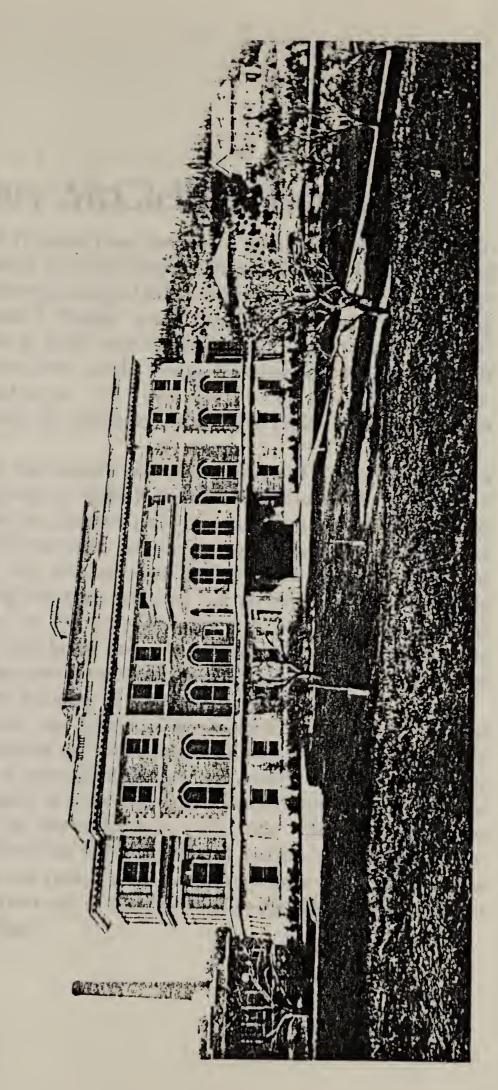


NOTE SKIN OF SILVER TIPPED GRIZZLY BEAR IN THE FOREGROUND, THIS BEING A PRIZED TROPHY AND A RARE SPECIES.



Mrs. McClellan was her husband's constant companion, and was ever deeply interested in all his philanthropies. She is endowed with an attractive personality, possesses a broad culture and pleasing address. As a hostess she is charmingly gracious and hospitable, having that ready tact which enables her guests to feel at ease. She is a woman of many generous impulses which are given expression in various forms of charitable work.

Mr. McClellan was called to lay aside the activities of a very busy and useful life, on January 30, 1924, at his London residence, and was buried from his Cambridge home, "Meikleknox," on February 15, 1924. In Woodlands Cemetery, in one of its most picturesque spots, in sight of his generous gift to posterity, he sleeps among many of his friends and kindred, in the place he had helped to make so beautiful. He was naturally endowed with all the qualities that are the attributes of the true gentleman. He was kind and considerate, sympathetic, thoughtful, and prompt to perceive and act regardless of self; a man of great common sense, possessing a keen sense of humor, and imbued with a spirit of devotion and kindliness. His passing was deeply mourned by all who knew him.



THE MARY MCCLELLAN HOSPITAL ERECTED IN 1917 BY EDWIN MCCLELLAN IN MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER



## The Mary McClellan Hospital

The Mary McClellan Hospital is an institution worthy of extended description, both from the viewpoint of the layman and the professional in medicine and surgery. Picture a metropolitan hospital in a rural setting; a group of buildings with a hill-top location that a chatean would proudly grace; with surrounding landscaped acres park-like in their natural beauty, and a view across the foothills of the Green Mountains that would justify traveling miles to see. This is the picture that first meets the eye. On a clear day the view extends to the northeast even to Mount Equinox in Vermont, and the lake region between Shushan and Salem.

The hospital site is at the western end of the village of Cambridge, about a mile from the station. In order to make it available it was necessary to construct roads to the summit. For this purpose more than a mile of broad highways at easy grades have been built, the main entrance being reached from Main Street through Myrtle Avenue, and another road leading from the highway to the south. Some 85,000 evergreen trees were set out on the property, principally white pine, with spruce on the low ground and Scotch pine on the knolls. The apple orchard on the slope just below the main building is an enchanting sight in blossom time, and at the harvest several hundred barrels have been realized for hospital use, an appropriate blending of the artistic and the practical!

Aside from the location, the feature of the hospital which makes it almost unique is that it is an entirely self-contained institution with its own electric lighting, heating, water and sewerage disposal plants, nearly sufficient in capacity for a small village. The work of construction was made difficult by the fact that just beneath the top-soil the entire knoll is solid rock. But this makes for the solidity and permanence of the buildings erected thereon, for all the foundations are well imbedded in the rock, as well as the pipe lines extended to all the buildings, and the storage reservoir of concrete built in the hill-top about 130 feet higher than the main building.

## The Many McClellays Horman

The original property turned over by Edwin McClellan to the corporation, including grounds, main hospital building, junior hospital, contagious buildings, power house and laundry, cold storage plant, nurses' home, barn, wells, reservoir, and other property such as furniture, fixtures, tools, linens, apparatus, instruments and so on, was valued at about a half million dollars.

The physical plant has grown steadily. The buildings have been enlarged and modified to meet growing needs. A brick dwelling has been erected on the hospital grounds for the resident physician, and an additional dwelling just outside the grounds has been purchased and remodeled for similar use. Several small buildings for the gardens and water supply have been erected. Today the physical properties of the hospital are valued at approximately a million and a quarter dollars. A feature which develops on careful inspection is the absence of laundry, kitchen or sleeping rooms in the basement of the hospital, an arrangement which frequently militates against the sanitary arrangements of such buildings.

The main hospital building, power house and contagious buildings are absolutely fireproof, all of the partitions starting from the rock base being of concrete to the first floor and carried to the roof with brick. Everything used in the construction and equipment was the best obtainable, while the most modern lines were followed in sanitation, ventilation, lighting, heating and plumbing. The exterior of the main building is most attractive, the Georgian style of architecture being followed. The building is three stories in height with the house physician's quarters on the roof at the rear. Rectangular in shape, with a two-story entrance porch in front and two-story wings containing sun parlors at either end, the building faces the broadest views to the east and northeast.

The main entrance of the hospital admits the visitor to the reception hall, and here is first noted the impression that persists during the entire time spent within its walls,—that this is an institution of public service that has refused to permit the exacting pressure of routine and the serious nature of its work to overcome the spirit in which it was conceived and founded. Even the distinguishing hospital odor is absent, and while it is evident that here is the abode of efficiency, cleanliness to the last degree, and scientific devotion to duty, equally clear is it that it is a home and a working place for a large staff, an abode that

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reflects the personality and character of executive and assistants, a place where kindliness, consideration, and friendliness are joined inseparably with medical and surgical skill. Two tablets command attention, and, here reproduced, tell their own story:

This Hospital
Erected, Equipped, and Largely
Endowed By
EDWIN McClellan,
As a Memorial to His Mother,
Mary McClellan,
Was Opened to the Public, January 5, 1919.

Citizens of Washington County Place This Tablet Here as a Slight Recognition of Mr. McClellan's Great Gift.

Friends of the Hospital, Who Have Contributed to its Endowment:

Edwin McClellan
Emily and Helen Foster
Kate M. McKie
Frank W. McClellan
Jerome B. Rice, Jr.
Evelyn R. Shaible
John L. McMillan

Josephine R. Wallace Irene Ward McClellan Mary Frances Sherman Helen L. McClellan George F. Underwood Marguerite R. Collins James L. King

The full description of the interior of the hospital is a subject for a technical journal, a task ably done in the November, 1924, issue of "The Modern Hospital," by Miss Myral M. Sutherland, R. N., who has been superintendent since June, 1920, and from whose article much of the present record has been gleaned. It must suffice here to indicate what most impresses the lay visitor. First, the absolute cleanliness that is the dominating characteristic from boiler house to operating room; second, the cordial and contented attitude of staff and patients; and the following, without regard to order of importance: sunlight and fresh air pouring in from every side; comfortable cheery rooms more reminiscent of a home than a hospital; ceilings and floors especially treated to prevent noise: use of space that shows wisest planning and forethought; completeness of equipment and service offered; the remarkable scope of the hospital's work at a fraction of the cost to the patient he would of necessity pay elsewhere; and the thoroughness of the identification of the hospital with the daily life of the district. Some of these impressions will be referred to again as this story unfolds.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HALL

HOME FOR NURSES GIFT OF MR. & MRS. ROBERT MC CLELLAN



Many hospitals are handicapped in the prosecution of their work by inadequate provision for the nursing staff. Here, due to the generous provision of Robert McClellan and his wife, Irene Ward McClellan, the nurses' home, Florence Nightingale Hall, is one of the hospital's finest assets. Architecturally and in construction in harmony with the main building, its interior, in design and furnishing, continues its atmosphere, developed to the much greater degree that is possible since these are living quarters only. It is a home in all that the word implies, furnished in substantial good taste, and one of the prized decorations is a framed couch pillow cover that was made by Florence Nightingale, in honor of whose inspiring life the hall was named. It is located at even a higher altitude than the hospital, contains accommodations for forty nurses, all single rooms, with a large reception hall, splendid library, a big living room and sun parlor. The superintendent has her suite of rooms, and rooms with baths for the heads of departments are in this building.

Just as the accommodations for nurses are above the average, so are the students attracted to the hospital of a type that any such institution might envy. This desirable condition is induced not only by the advantages offered within the hospital, but by the splendid plan which has been evolved in the training school, by means of which the student receives collegiate and professional training. This is made possible by special arrangements with Skidmore College, the Yale School of Nursing, and Western Reserve University, and a five year course leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science and the Diploma of Nursing. The manner in which this is accomplished is so interesting as to be worthy of outlining here.

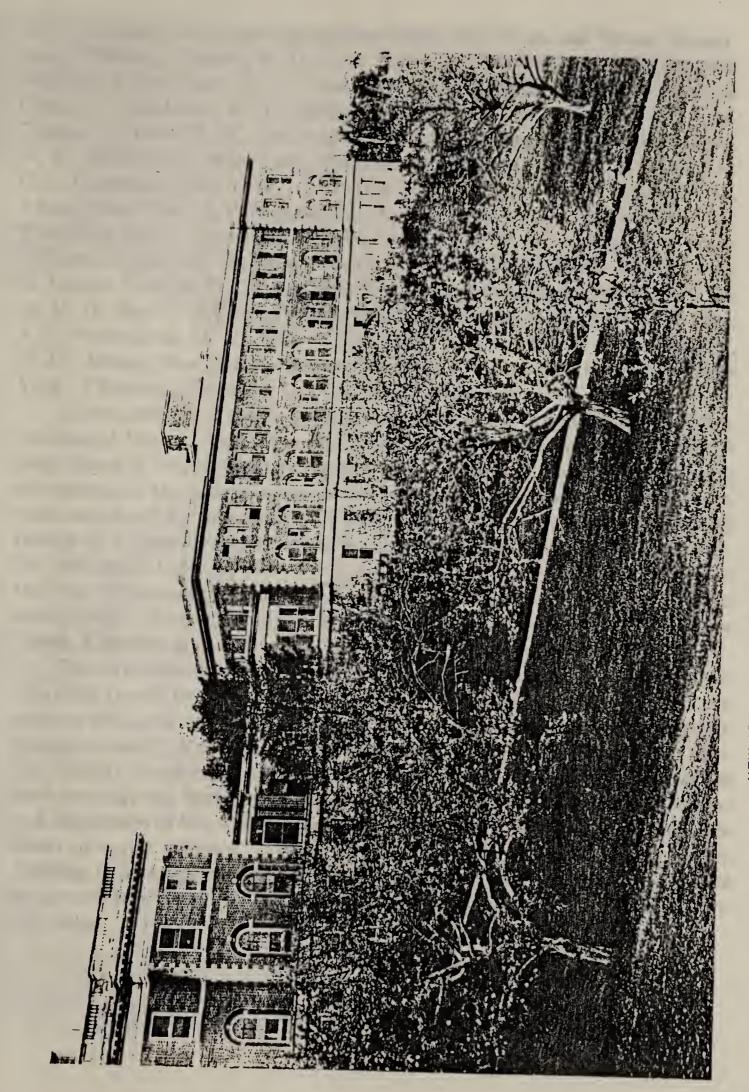
Nine months from mid-September to mid-June are spent at Skidmore College. Following two weeks' vacation, the next ten weeks are spent at the Mary McClellan School of Nursing. This preliminary theoretical and practical training in nursing is an aid in determining the student's aptitude for this type of work. After four weeks' vacation, the next nine months from mid-September to mid-June are spent at Skidmore College. After four weeks' vacation the student spends twenty-three weeks at the Mary McClellan School of Nursing, where, under close supervision, she studies typical medical and surgical cases in the hospital wards. Following two weeks' vacation, the next nine months are spent at the Yale School of Nursing. Extensive experience is gained in pediatric, communicable and medical cases. There is another month's vacation, after which the student returns to the Mary McClellan Hospital for fifty-four weeks' experience in obstetrics and advanced medicine and surgery. For the final college year the student is offered the option of majoring in teaching and supervision, or public health. Those who elect to major in teaching and supervision spend the nine months at Skidmore College. Those who choose public health spend the first semester of the year at Western Reserve University. The credits obtained there will enable them, upon return to Skidmore, to complete the prescribed college course.

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There has been much favorable comment in professional circles upon this educational program, the advantages of which are numerous and obvious, and which contemplates a contribution of worthy proportions to the profession and, through this channel, to the world at large.

This, then, is the story of the Mary McClellan Hospital so far as it can be told in the cold facts of material things, in terms of location, equipment, and program. But a hospital such as this could not possibly be composed of these only. An ideal is apparent, and materialization of a vision, the motivation of a beneficent purpose inspired by all-embracing humanitarianism. Its source is found in the reverential devotion of Edwin McClellan to his mother and his desire to found a suitable memorial to her; in the singleness of purpose with which Mr. and Mrs. McClellan worked and which has led her to continue the plans they had made and to provide for the expansion and development of the hospital's activity; in a staff of professional co-workers, imbued with the same spirit of effective, unselfish cooperation for the public good; and in the loyal and friendly cooperation of the people of a wide district, expressed in one way in their hearty response to an annual Donation Day. The active administration of the hospital and training school is under the direction of Miss Myral M. Sutherland, R. N., superintendent, who has filled this important office since June, 1920, and who has worked so closely with Mr. and Mrs. McClellan that she is in most sympathetic touch with their aims for the institution, and who has been unfailing in her constant devotion to professional duty. In her administration is found the key to many of the features of the Mary McClellan Hospital which distinguish it most strongly and which chiefly serve to mark it as an institution distinctively advanced. following staff conduct the work of the hospital, serving with noteworthy fidelity and an esprit de corps that speak of a high conception of their profession and of equally fine personal qualities: Superintendent, Myral M. Sutherland, R. N.; Assistant Superintendent, Mary E. Fountain, R. N.; Educational Director, Agnes Gelinas, R. N., B. S.; Second Assistant and Educational Supervisor, Martha E. Baldwin, R. N., B. S. Resident Medical and Surgical Staff: Surgeons, Stanley T. Fortuine, M. D., and Denver M. Vickers, M. D.; Pathologist, Stanley T. Fortuine, M. D.; Assistant Bacteriologist, Ruth M. Duryee; X-Ray Technician, Mary E. Fountain, R. N.; Anæsthetist, Frances L. Joy, R. N. Attending Medical and Surgical Staff: Surgeon-in-Chief, William B. Coley, M. D., New York City; Physicians-in-Chief, Herman C. Gordinier, M. D., Troy, New York, and

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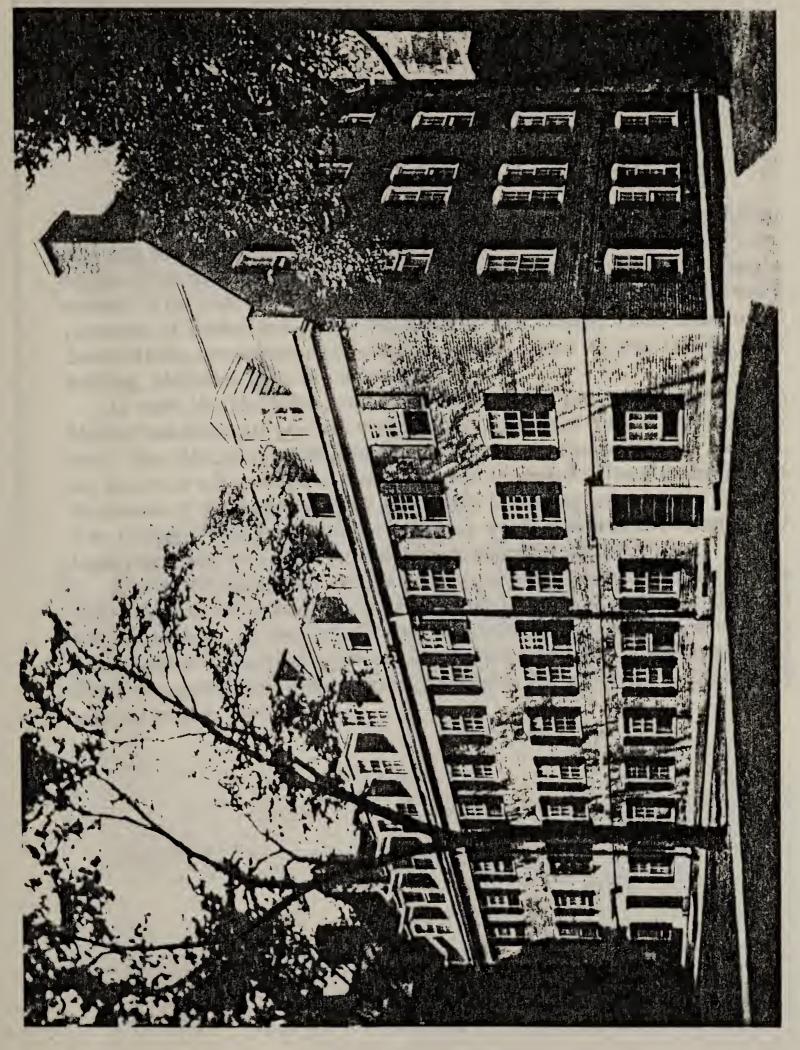
NEW ADDITION TO THE MARY MCCLELLAN HOSPITAL ERECTED IN 1927 BY MRS. EDWIN MCCLELLAN IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND



L. W. Gorham, M. D., of Albany, New York; Ear, Nose and Throat Department, William L. Culbert, M. D., New York City; Genito-Urinary Department, Benjamin S. Barringer, M. D., New York City; Associate Attending Surgeon, Charles G. McMullen, M. D., Schenectady, New York; Diseases of the Eyes, Thomas L. Ward, M. D., Cambridge, New York; Ræntgenologist, Albert Lenz, M. D., Schenectady, New York; Consultant in Dentistry, George H. Hiney, D. D. S., Cambridge, New York. Consulting Staff: Surgeons, A. W. Elting, M. D., Albany, New York; J. P. Houguet, M. D., New York City; J. B. Harvie, M. D., Troy, New York. Gynecologists, John A. Sampson, M. D., Albany, New York; William S. Stone, M. D., New York City. Genito-Urinary Department, James M. Vander Veer, M. D., Albany, New York. Opthalmologist, Coleman W. Cutler, M. D., New York City. Pathologists, James Ewing, M. D., New York City; A. B. Wadsworth, M. D., Albany, New York. Dermatologist, Arthur Sautter, M. D., Albany, New York. Obstetrician, Paul T. Harper, M. D., Albany, New York. Physician, Alexander Lambert, M. D., New York City.

A new addition to the hospital, giving it one hundred and ten bed capacity, was opened May 11, 1929, Mrs. McClellan carrying out the original plans which were drawn at Mr. McClellan's request. The speakers at the exercises marking the opening of the extension, which had been under construction for two years, were introduced by Supreme Court Justice Charles C. Van Kirk, and included George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, of New York City; Dr. William B. Coley, of New York; Dr. Matthias Nicoll, Jr., Commissioner of the State Department of Health; Dr. Henry Thomas Moore, president of Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, New York; Dr. Frederick S. Jones, of New Haven, Connecticut; and the Rev. Harold C. Harmon, of Cambridge.

The direct beneficiaries of the Mary McClellan Hospital are, of course, those who there receive the best of medical and surgical care at a fraction of their cost, patients who come to the hospital from all of Washington County, from neighboring sections of Vermont, and in some instances from a great distance. Indirect benefits, however, accrue to every resident of the wide territory served, in the knowledge that here is an institution offering protection from the misfortunes and vicissitudes of life, a place where advice and treatment are daily available for minor or major ailments. The McClellan Hospital is a distinct regional asset, fulfilling in an impressive record of service the object for which it was founded by Edwin McClellan, and for which it has been strongly supported by Mrs. McClellan.





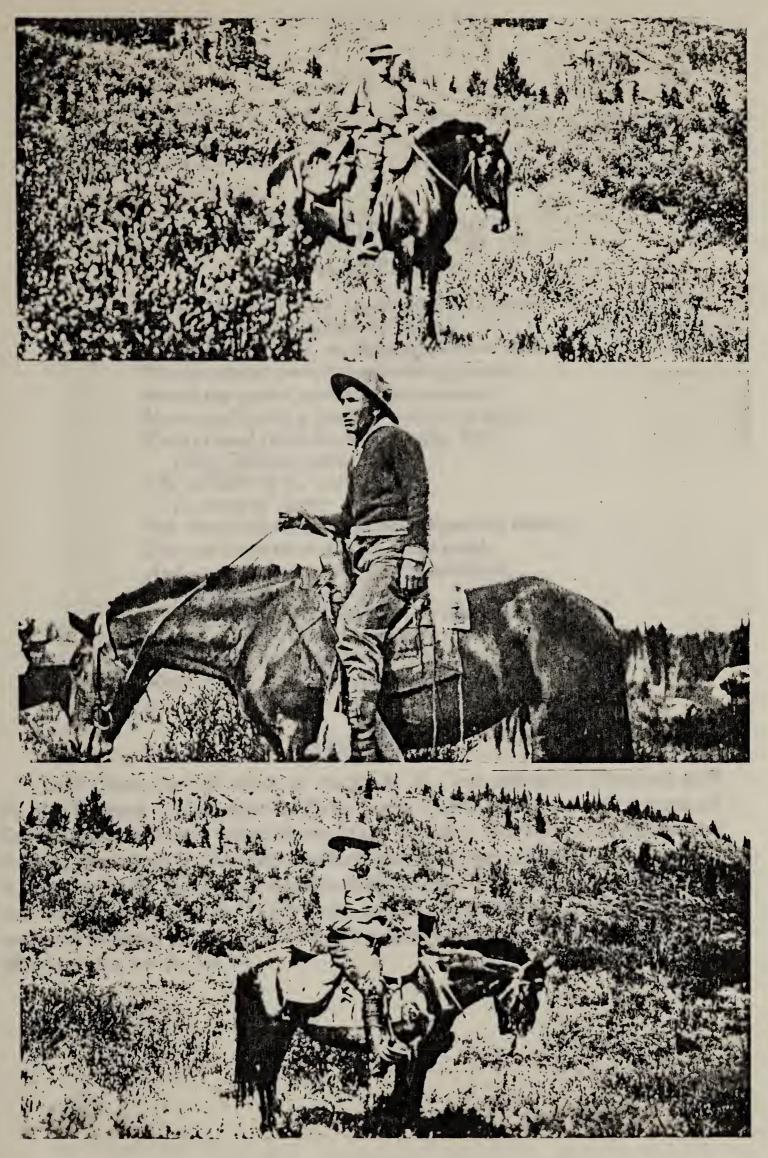
## The Edwin McClellan Hall

Edwin McClellan Hall, the new dormitory on the Campus at Yale University, was the gift of Mrs. Helen Livingston (Mynderse) McClellan, of Cambridge, New York, and was named in memory of her husband, who was a member of the class of 1884. In their undergraduate days Mr. McClellan was a roommate of Frederick S. Jones, '84, Dean of Yale College. They lived in Old South Middle, now known as Connecticut Hall, of which the long familiar brick building, McClellan Hall, is a counterpart.

In 1906 Mr. McClellan took an active part in the renovation of Old South Middle, thus helping to preserve the remaining building of Yale of Revolutionary days. Mrs. McClellan's gift provided not only for the memorial to her husband, but also for a tribute to Dean Jones, as it was stipulated in the gift that part of the income of the dormitory shall go towards paying the salary of the Dean of Yale College. This provision was made as a mark of respect and affection for Dean Jones, who was a lifelong and intimate friend of Mr. McClellan.

Edwin McClellan Hall, erected in 1925, stands between Old South Middle and the University Library, being joined to the latter by an archway. It houses fifty-six students, in cheerful, attractive apartments, with fireplaces in all study rooms, and is of material assistance in alleviating the need of an extension of living accommodations for students, for which the university is exceedingly grateful to Mrs. McClellan.

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  2. DENNIS, HEAD GUIDE.
  3. DR. WM. LEDLIE CULBERT.



## A Hunting Log

By Edwin McClellan

Thrice blessed, rather, is the man, with whom The gracious prodigality of nature, The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom, The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature, Recall the good Creator to his creature, Making all earth a fane, all heav'n its dome. To his tuned spirit the wild heather-bells Ring Sabbath knells; The jubilate of the soaring lark Is chant of clerk; For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet; The sod's a cushion for his pious want; And, consecrated by the heav'n within it, The sky-blue pool, a font. Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar; An organ breathes in every grove; And the full heart's a Psalter, Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love! —Thomas Hood.

### August 8th.

Left Cambridge by motor at 10:30 A. M., and arrived in Montreal at 8 P. M. Stopped for luncheon at Grey Goose Lodge, about ten miles north of Schroon Lake Village—where Sister Mary Johnston and Tom, with Edwin and Robert, were staying. We were looking for the lodge, and when running past it, were hailed by Mary, who was watching for us. They had remained at home that day, hoping to see us. They had a tent in a beautiful spot among the pines, and were as happy as a lot of children on a picnic—and all—including meals—for \$8.00 per day for the lot.

# A Hunting Log

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### August 9th.

Spent in Montreal. Had great difficulty in finding things we wanted to buy—like duffle bags, cartridges, bag locks, etc. Cully needed particularly more cartridges for his 9.5 Mannlicher gun. Couldn't find them. Bought two duffle bags and some "medicine."

We stayed at Ritz Hotel—couldn't get into New Mount Royal. Ritz not very satisfactory. Hard to beat the old Windsor. Hotels all full. Many conventions, and many people came to buy liquor.

Left by the 5 P. M. train, called the "Trans-Canada" Limited. Had a good drawing room on the Observation car, but were obliged to check our baggage. About 9:30 P. M. passed Ottawa, and next morning began the scrub and small tree country, which stretched 1,000 miles to near Winnipeg. In this stretch we never saw one wagon road, and no houses, except those at, and connected with, the stations, and with the Roads Administration. Were surprised Ontario contained so much waste land. From Winnipeg, passed through the great wheat belt. Wonderful country, and great possibilities. The drawbacks are: frosts, hail, and drought.

From Calgary to Coast was all the way thro' the Mountains. At Lake Louise an "open" car with no cover was put on, and we rode on this all the afternoon and well into the evening. A wonderful ride, and so impressive that people talked only in subdued tones. Scenery grand, beyond description. Followed the Frazer River right into Vancouver, which we reached Monday, the 13th, at 10:30 A. M., being 1½ hours late. This was caused by a freight wreck ahead, which delayed us.

From the border at La Colle, all the way through Canada, we met with the greatest courtesy and friendliness. The Customs people at La Colle even did not require deposit on guns, or require duty on cartridges. Our Club Membership tickets were responsible—but the Customs men were good-natured and polite. And so was everyone we came in contact with, from waiters and shop attendants to fellow travelers on the trains.

In Canada, as one gets West, one talks to anyone and everyone. This warms one up to the people and the country. Our fellow travelers were mainly tourists

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and many of the farmer and school-teacher classes. The cheap excursion rates bring the trip in reach of many (our return fare New York to Vancouver was only \$138.00 each).

No liquor or beer sold on trains. Different Provinces have different liquor laws—but all semi-Prohibition. Americans flocking to Montreal for liquor. Two young widows—friends of Cully's—heavily draped in crêpe and black—blew into Ritz, Montreal, in morning—after an all-night ride from Maine—to "replenish." They got their supply, and were returning by night train, having to get up at 4 A. M., and motor home to their destination next morning. These two visions in black with their arms full of bottles—and followed by two bell boys, also loaded down—gave a sidelight on Prohibition, as they waddled to the lift in the afternoon with their load. They were nervous as to how they might get across the border. The only "scandal" (?) on train was a good looking English M. P. with a nurse. She was as brown as a berry, had big ear rings, and could talk some. He was visiting the English Colonies to study conditions at first hand.

It is a gradual grade to Calgary, then up some more to Lake Louise, and then down steep grades for all afternoon. Plenty unused water power along Frazer River.

We had two days at Vancouver and bought some more duffle, and rearranged our packs—and were entertained at luncheon by General McDonald and Dr. Ewing, and also by Dr. Smith—a friend of Cully's. He took us over the General Hospital, and also drove us out in the country to see a logging operation. This showed how they handle the big logs by power,—by using a tall tree as a derrick, hitching their wire ropes high up—and by use of donkey engines, pulling in the logs out of the forest from long distances, and loading them on cars, as one would pile up matches. A most interesting sight, but it is sad to see a noble forest wrecked. After dinner by Smith, we went aboard "S. S. Princess Alice," and sailed at 9. P. M. for Wrangell.

Much impressed by Vancouver. It is a most promising city.

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### August 16th.

Beautiful day and no wind. Course is "inside" and resembles a river. Vancouver Island not passed at 1 P. M. Several large snow-capped mountains off on mainland. Plenty of gulls and some ducks on water and frequent floating logs and sticks. Sat on top deck all forenoon.

Stopped half an hour at a salmon canning factory. Indians constitute most of the labor—squaw Indians. The bucks were outside loafing and wheeling the babies. Nice clean factory—but I don't think tinned salmon a safe food.

### August 17th.

Have had most beautiful weather so far. At 10 A. M. stopped at Prince Rupert for two hours. Had long walk around the town. Town has 5,000 people, and has a very new look—a typical frontier place. It is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific R. R.

Our entire course has been inside the islands, and has seemed like a river all the way. Mountains all the way, very grand scenery—many of them snow-capped.

### August 18th.

Reached Wrangell at 4 A. M., and had to get off. Remained in Wrangell all day. Nothing of interest but the scenery—totem poles and sawmills. Stayed at Johnnie Grant's hotel, where we were very comfortable. The other nine hunters all landed, and some of them were pretty full, and remained so all day.

The names of the other hunters were as follows:

Theodore Douglas Robinson, Mohawk, N. Y.

Theodore Douglas Robinson, Jr., Mohawk, N. Y.

R. N. Burnes, 1287 Hyde Park Ave., Hyde Park, Mass.

J. Aug. Beck, Williamsport, Pa.

S. B. Harman, Williamsport, Pa.

Dr. G. V. Welker, Williamsport, Pa.

D. W. Bell, Williamsport, Pa.

R. L. Riley, Williamsport, Pa.

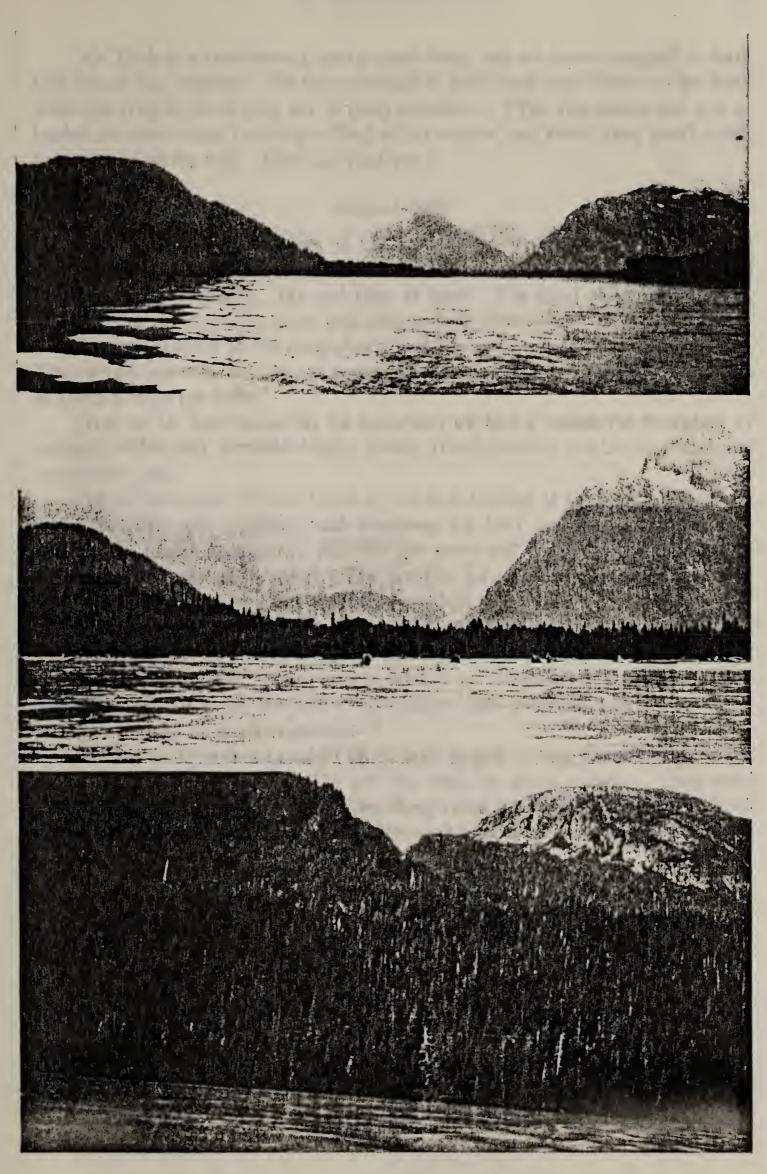
Mr. Stack, Los Angeles, Calif.

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VIEWS ALONG THE STIKINE RIVER. TAKEN BY MR. McCLELLAN, AUGUST 19th, 1923.



Mr. Beck is a taxidermist, and a good chap, and we have arranged to have him mount our trophies. He has promised to look them over when we get back from our trip, to see if they are in good condition. (The two chaps who got so loaded are now—next morning—filled with remorse, and swear they won't touch liquor again on the trip. They can't eat yet.)

### August 19th.

Ted Sterling, the manager of the Barrington Transportation Co., which owns two boats on the Stikine River, called us about 3 A. M., and we started up river before daylight. We had slept at hotel. The good old Japanese cook, "Ben," gave us hot coffee, toast and jam, and we were off on the last lap.

It was beautiful in the early dawn, and the sun came up in a cloudless sky. The current is swift, but the gas engine has 125 h. p., and she bucks the current at about 8 miles per hour.

At 6 A. M. Ben tooted his tin horn, and we had a wonderful breakfast of oranges, rolled oats, scrambled eggs, bacon, fried potatoes, hot biscuit, toast and strawberry jam.

All the forenoon we have lolled on top deck looking at the wonderful mountains, the numerous glaciers—and watching for bear and moose. Have seen nothing but eagles up to 10 A. M. We get more and more anxious the farther we get towards our destination. The Lord is sure good to allow me this trip, and I hope He soon gives Bob the same privilege.

Mr. Stack has his little boy, 8 years old, and a valet and a doctor with him. There are no railings on the boat, and the boy is tied by a rope either to his dad or the valet all the time. Nice outfit to take on an excursion of this sort. Stack has a big revolver in his belt and a belt of cartridges for same, and a long knife. He expects close-up work evidently.

All day until dark we pushed up stream against strong current, amidst the grandest scenery I ever saw. The glaciers were the great surprise. They were everywhere. One extended four miles along river front, and back by circuitous route through the mountains for 120 miles to the sea, where it is said to be always

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active. Many of the mountains were snow-capped, but it was difficult to distinguish snow from glacier. The wonder is they don't melt.

The luncheon and dinner were excellent and old Ben, the cook—an artist. The two "lanks," Bobbie Burnes and Bell, got over their "jag," and began to eat at dinner. Up to then they said they felt rotten, and both swore, "No more whiskey for me." Burnes was much ashamed of himself, and explained to me he hadn't drunk before in a year, and that he was very silly to drink.

The Stack kid hasn't fallen overboard yet.

Turned in at 8:30, and the boat tied up at 9—until 3 A. M. We slept like logs. Our room is just over the screw. Cully got in first and took top berth, but the great big thing could hardly get in, it was so small.

### August 20th.

Up at 5:30 to see the country. Everyone up and hungry.

Went through the Gorge at 8. Swift narrow stream.

Bully breakfast, ham and eggs, corn bread, toast, potatoes, oatmeal, jam, coffee. Feel fine, great air.

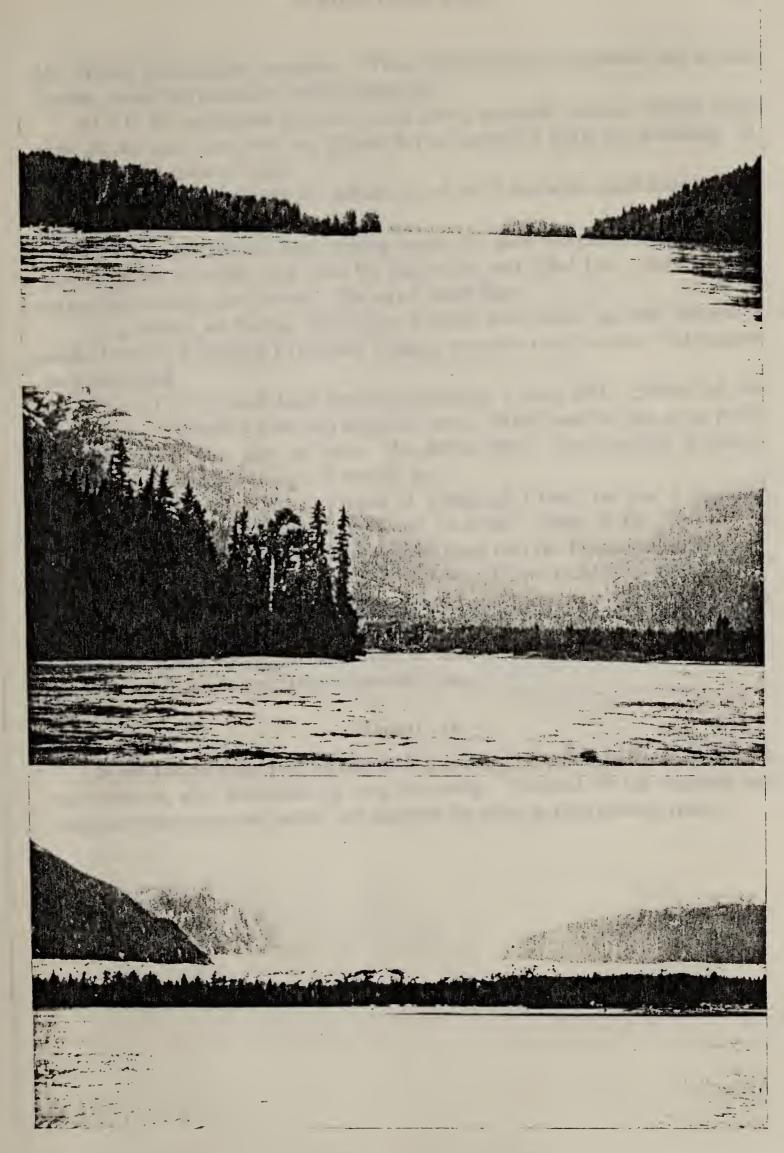
Aug. Beck got a fright in the night. His bunk was forward, and the water rose a foot in the night. We were hitched to the bank, and there was a big log overhanging lower deck. When the water rose, the engineer wanted to shift up stream a bit and started the engine. He forgot the log—and as he started, the log came bang against end of Beck's bunk, and smashed the side, right at his head. Beck thought a bear was after him, and jumped—half asleep—to the floor, well frightened, but not hurt.

At 9 A. M. they sighted a black bear and sent several shots after him, but did not hit him. Cully and I are doing no shooting on board.

By noon we ran out of the snow. Although on higher ground, the snow has practically disappeared. Don't understand it.

At I P. M. we picked up a prospector on the shore, and took him and his boat aboard—the only man seen in the river so far, except the Government Agent,

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VIEWS ALONG THE STIKINE RIVER.



Mr. Winne, at Canadian boundary. This prospector has prospected this section for five years, and has some claims staked out.

At 2 P. M. we pushed our boat's nose into a mountain stream, coming from some glacier way back, and they dipped in two barrels of water for drinking. It was about the color of milk.

Soon passed a prospector's cabin—he of the Irish wife—and took on two passengers.

At 2:30 a grizzly was seen running across the sand 350 yards from the boat. Several began shooting, and Beck hit him twice, and killed him. Several went across and brought him aboard. He was a small bear.

At 4 o'clock we passed old trapper's cabin, who hailed us, and wanted to send a horse to Telegraph Creek, but Captain wouldn't take him on. Old trapper very disgusted.

At 4:30 a big black bear was seen climbing a steep cliff. Several of the sportsmen (?) grabbed guns and began to shoot. Must have hit him, as he rolled down the cliff. They shot 20 times. We did not stop. Fine example of sportsmanship(?)—and bear is out of season, too.

At dusk, when within two miles of Telegraph Creek, we saw a beautiful big black bear coming down to the water to drink. Some of the "sports" (?) shot at him, as usual, but Mr. Bear skipped back into the timber unhurt.

Landed at Telegraph Creek at 10 o'clock and went to hotel to sleep.

Our guides met us, and Dennis, the head guide, came up to the room for a "big talk."

There was a dance, but we turned in, and did not attend. Awfully glad to get Helen's fine telegram.

### August 21st.

Spent the morning getting our stuff together and talking with Bob Hyland, our outfitter, who impressed us very favorably. Checked off the supplies, and inspected the horses and outfit, and watched the other parties getting ready.

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On Dennis' advice, we let the party which was going in our northern direction, get off ahead, and we started at 4:30, and reached our camp ground at 7:30.

We have 8 pack horses and 2 saddle horses. Indians walk, but have two extra guides, so the 2 guides can ride when we go for the hunt on the ranges. Horses are all good, honest beasts, and we are well outfitted, with Dennis as Head Guide, Benny Frank as Second Guide, Ned Brooks as Cook, and Billy Hawkins as Horse Wrangler.

Met Dennis' wife and his five babies. Wife good looking, and Dennis proudly says, "She have some white blood."

Met Jackson, son of the Jackson at Stoke Poges Golf Club. He is Superintendent of the telegraph at Telegraph Creek, and was awfully glad to see someone who had seen his father so recently.

Got our license from Mr. Dodd, the Government Agent.

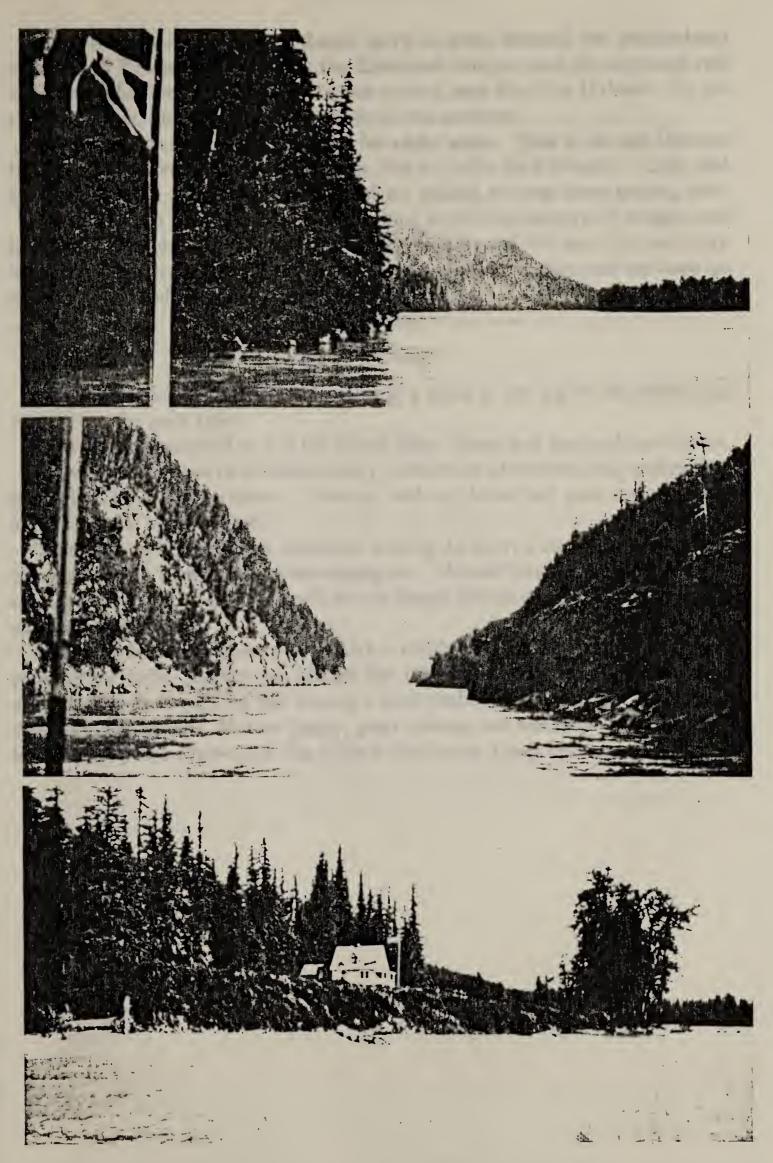
Met the Catholic peripatetic priest, who was in Telegraph Creek for a few days. Has a big territory, and all like him. Doing much good.

Bob Hyland is very popular with Indians and all. His father died, and eldest son took the property—ran it badly, then died, and Bob Hyland took the estate over, in a bad condition, and has had a great struggle to keep from bankruptcy. He is getting a start, helped some by Billy Beach, and has the loyal affection of everyone, and we hope succeeds. He thought he couldn't outfit us, but we think Beach urged him to, and Dennis helped to make the outfit possible by putting in five of his own horses.

Calbraith and Hudson Bay Company also do outfitting. Calbraith is not spoken well of by the natives. His Indian wife died, and he has an illegitimate family of five, besides his legitimate children. He outfitted the party of six from Williamsport, Pa., four of whom are on this same trail with us, and two went to Dease Lake country.

Theo. D. Robinson, outfitted by Hudson Bay Company, went South, into the Klappan, as did also Stack and kid, and valet and doctor (afraid of grizzlies).

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VIEWS NEAR THE HE VOWATER OF THE STIKINE RIVER.



Dr. Culbert and the other doctor were in great demand for professional services; at Telegraph Creek saw the Episcopal minister and his wife and two children professionally; also saw another patient, and also Bob Hyland—for his ears. No fees, but everlasting gratitude of his patients.

Our start on the trail was up hill for eight miles. This is the old Dawson trail and extra good. It was awfully hot, but we made the trip easily. Cully and I let Indians ride for 3/4 of an hour, and we walked, to keep from getting sore.

Camped at a wonderful spot, overlooking a glorious country of ranges, and by a brook as cold as ice water. Had a bully supper, and will now turn in—very well satisfied indeed with all the arrangements and our outfit—and we have 40 days of joy ahead!

### August 22nd.

### "Summit Camp."

Morning dawned bright, and we made 5 miles to the top of the divide and waited for the pack train.

At I o'clock lunched on hot tea, bread, ham, cheese and jam and raw onions.

I walked an hour in forenoon and 1½ hours in afternoon, and waited at a good sized river for the others. Dennis, with my horse and pack train, passed, and he left the horse for me.

Cully hadn't come on yet, and after waiting 3/4 hour, I became anxious about him and started back and met him coming on. He had been asleep on the trail—a nice trick to play on me. He said he felt sleepy, and he also said, "I am sorry," so what could I do?

Met an Indian woman on trail with 2 children and 6 dogs. The dogs were packing her duffle, and she was headed for Telegraph Creek. One little kiddy—a baby—was in a sack on her mother's back and asleep. Another child, three years old, was along. Mother happy, good looking and fine teeth. The dogs all looked happy and tired—just like Cully looked when I met him up.

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Camped by the Tabitan River. Tried the rod with a fly, but no success. Billy's wife (Billy is our Horse Wrangler) lives nearby, and she sent us a lovely "Dolly Varden" trout, which we had boiled for supper.

I gave Cully a drink when he got in, he seemed so tired after his "sleep" on the trail, and he acted like he had drunk a whole bottle. Shall have to drink up our supply myself, as a smell of the cork is enough for him. Have come to the conclusion Cully's so-called "heart trouble" is just simon-pure laziness.

We have done 15 miles today. It takes about 5 days to get to the goat country.

There is something in the air up here which has a peculiar effect on the moon, for he got full in record time. And when real young, we could see the whole moon's ring outlined. Perhaps the same influences which caused this effect on the moon, also acted on Cully.

### August 23rd.

### "Salmon Camp."

It was very hot on the trail all day. Walked two hours, and got to camp at 5. Too hot to go further.

The thing which impresses me is the long distance we have to go to get to the hunting grounds, a distance of about 140 miles.

The horses interest me. Two have bells on, and the rest follow the bells, like sheep. When we stop, they lie down with their loads on. Each horse has a load of about 300 lbs. At night they are turned loose and range at will, but continue to follow the bell horses. In the morning it sometimes takes a long time to find them. Billy is up very early for this job.

We are camped by a stream about double the size of our brook at home. It is full of salmon.

On the trail at noon we always "boil the kettle" and have tea.

Cully did not sleep on the trail today. His conscience troubled him some.

When we reached camp we went into the stream and had a wonderful bath and are now waiting for supper.

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### August 24th.

### "Salmon River Camp."

It began to rain when we finished breakfast, and continued until noon.

We got a light luncheon of tea, bread, ham, etc., and started, and did 12 miles.

Before starting we amused ourselves by watching the salmon in the stream. There were a good many, one big one which would weigh 25 lbs. They were all scarred up from their trip from the sea, which is a long way from here, and many fails for them to climb.

Shot 1 blue grouse and 2 "fool hen"—both very like our partridge. Cook makes them into a stew and they are delicious.

The pack on one horse got loose. They put a blinder over a horse's eyes when adjusting packs. This time, the horse was faced the way we came, and when blinder was removed, he started for home, and the horse man had to chase him a mile. Cully rode back and gave him his horse to ride.

After getting to camp we saw our first goat, lying down away off on a high mountain.

Fred Brooks, the cook, sings or whistles most of the time. His songs are weird Oriental sounds, like those in the streets of Cairo, or in China. Their language sounds very like Chinese, and some words like French. I think there is no question but that the Indian came originally from China.

We are camped by a small swift river. Two of the boys went a mile down to the bigger stream after making camp, to catch salmon. They had no tackle, but relied on finding some down by the river. Their "tackle" consists of a sharpened piece of wire, bent into form of a hook and lashed to a pole. With this they "snag" out the fish. The boys found no tackle and came home emptyhanded, but said, "Salmon plenty down there."

We have little desire to fish yet. We are tired when reaching camp, and fishing looks too easy. Goats and grizzlies are what we are after.

Used mosquito nets last night.

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## August 25th.

## "Cheslay River Camp."

The trail for four miles was steep hills—all the way up hill. I felt sorry for the pack horses. One young horse, known as the "kicker," followed Cully and me closely all the way up the hill. She had no shoes on hind feet yet, but the boys are to shoe her soon.

The elevation at the top was 4,300 feet, and we kept at that level all day, through a quite flat country, and passed many lakes, with a good many ducks.

Passed several horse skulls, said to be of horses which died during the gold rush to Klondyke in 1898—just a glimpse of the great hardships suffered in that rush. From Telegraph Creek to Klondyke is about 400 miles, and we have followed that trail so far.

Dennis shot three blue grouse this forenoon, and in the afternoon four ptarmigan—our first view of this bird. We had them in a pot pie for supper, also with a grouse soup to start with, and it was some supper.

The air has become clearer and cooler, and it was the best day yet. There will be a frost tonight. We are camped overlooking two lakes. We camped at 4,000 feet elevation.

## August 26th.

# "Camp of the Bogged Horse."

Hard frost, which froze three-sixteenths of an inch of ice in the water pail, but there was not a cloud this morning. The moon was full last night, and rose like a ball of pure white silver.

I referred to the similarity of the language of the Indians to Chinese. Besides the general similarity, they pronounce their "r's" like "l," for example: "Lose" for "rose"; "dilection" for "direction."

On the 22nd, I referred to Cully's sleeping on the trail, but forgot to say that Maggie was with him. He hasn't done this again, though he keeps pretty close to Maggie all the time.

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Bright and cloudless all day, and rather warm.

The country passed through was the same high tableland as the day before, with many lakes, and two beautiful small rivers of clear, cold water. Very few scattered trees, and they were small, like all the timber we have seen.

Just after starting from camp, one pack horse got mixed in a boggy creek, and lay down until her pack was removed. The horses are almost human in their intelligence. At night, when packs are taken off, they always start to feed along the back trail. The horse man has to head them off, and start them on the up trail. When we stop for luncheon at noon, horses lie down with their packs on.

Seen no game yet, except the grouse and ptarmigan. Dennis shot two of the latter, and we had a pot roast of them and three grouse tonight—along with rice, jam, tea, soup, bread and butter. We ate in the open, under a pine tree, before sundown—in the finest dining room in the world.

We are camped on Mosquito Creek, a good sized stream.

Tomorrow we leave our tent here with the bulk of our stuff, and go light, across to Hart Mountain, for a two-day hunt for goats, and will camp on timber line. The plan is to hunt goats first, then sheep, then moose and caribou. The two latter are not ready yet, and are not flocking together until about the 8th or 10th September. It is a surprise that we have to ride so far to the hunting grounds.

Cully refuses to look in the mirror, and refuses to shave until he gets a bear. He looks dreadful.

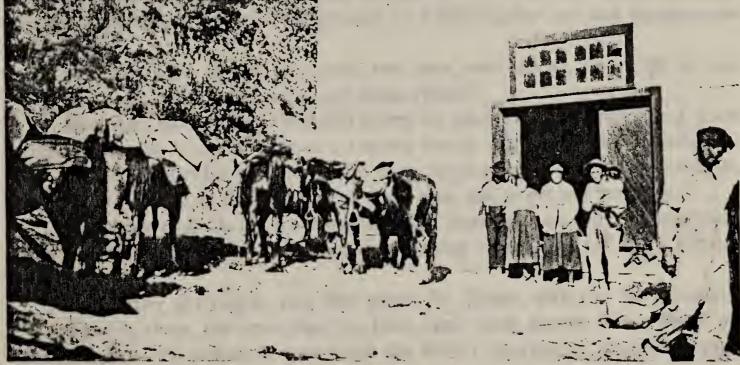
I walked two hours today. One gets sore and stiff riding, and walking is a relief; besides it gives the boys a lift, which they appreciate.

As I write, Fred Brooks, the cook, is singing as he washes up—the horse bells are tinkling in the swamp, and the river adds a steady murmur—and we are the only humans in a big radius to enjoy it.

Altitude at this camp is 3,750 feet.

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- 1. VILLAGE AT TELEGRAPH CREEK.
  2. DENNIS AND HIS FAMILY.
  3. MAHLIN TELEGRAPH STATION.



### August 27th.

## "Mosquito Creek Camp."

A good night's sleep, with no flies or mosquitoes.

The boys packed enough food for three days and left the balance, including our personal surplus stuff, and stored it in one tent. Such things as flour and sugar were hung high up in a tree. The boys say no one ever steals on the trail in this country.

We have two spare saddles along, and by lightening up as described, all the boys were able to ride, and we started across the swampy plain for Hart Mountain for a two-day goat hunt.

The distance to where we made camp at timber line, near the top of the mountain, was six miles. There was no trail, and Dennis led through the long swamp. It was boggy, and in places pretty soft, but no horse fell. A good sized stream wandered carelessly back and forth, necessitating our crossing it several times. Near the far side, as the ground got a little higher, we saw many moose signs.

Reaching foot of the mountain, one man went ahead, and with an axe cleared a trail through the burnt and fallen timber.

Saw four moose up in the gulch where we camped at an elevation of 5,200 feet. The camp is on the bank of a roaring brook, with water like ice water.

Had a wonderful luncheon—and then, leaving cook and horse wrangler, the rest of us went up on the big ridge for a look, and to get our bearings.

Cully saw 16 goats off about one mile, but there were no Billys among them, and as it began to rain, we all came in, expecting to put in a full day's hunting tomorrow.

Saw many ptarmigan, and shot seven for dinner with the .22 automatic. This is about the first place we have seen much animal life. There are many eagles—(I wonder if they catch the kids?), ptarmigan, gophers, ground

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hogs, moose, goats, and many birds. The ground hog is similar to our wood-chuck, but has a good fur, and is hunted for. Their holes are everywhere.

From the ridge we got a wonderful view and saw clearly the great country we are going to visit for sheep, caribou, and moose.

## August 28th.

## "Hart Mountain Camp."

It rained a good deal last night, and the weather was uncertain in the morning.

We started for our goat hunt together with the guides. Once on top, we traveled about two and one-half miles across the rolling plateau to two high round peaks of broken rock, sticking up from the plateau. From here we had a great view of the rugged sheep range in the clouds off to the West, beyond the Cheslay River—and here we separated, Cully going south, and we west.

The flock of 16 nannies and kids were in sight off on the plain—the same Cully saw yesterday.

We traveled two miles west. Dennis would get off occasionally and inspect the cliffs on our side, and with the glass, the cliffs facing us. In our immediate front were red mountains, light straw-colored mountains, and some of a peculiar bluish tint.

Dennis finally spotted a Billy off about a mile, at noon. We stalked him as far as we could with the horses, then hitched them, and started afoot, skirting several peaks, and finally climbing one on the side of the valley where the goat was seen. Once up there, it proved to be a knife-edged peak, with steep sides, which made me timid about walking.

We found, instead of one goat, a flock of ten Billys off down in the valley quietly feeding. It was too far to shoot. Dennis decided the only way was to go down the steep mountain on the off side, and approach the goats up their valley. At first I demurred, as I had never tried such a place. But he took my gun, and we started. Got on all right, until half way down, when we found the wind seemed to have changed and was blowing in our faces. Dennis said, "Must go back." So we climbed this slide, which took all the wind for me in my vicinity.

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Got back to the top, and here was the wind blowing steadily as it was at first. So we decided it was blowing down and then sucking back up the slide. So we went down the slide again, this time to the bottom, and skulked around to the foot of the goats' valley.

Then the real stalk began—stooping and crawling from bush to bush, for there was no protection, save grass, and an occasional bush about the size of large huckleberry bushes. We crawled flat, for nearly 100 yards. Finally got in range. Dennis, with the glass, selected what seemed the largest pair of horns, and I shot.

After wounding him, I shot one other, which made my limit. They are big beasts, weighing from 450 to 700 pounds. Both pair of horns were perfect, and both same length, viz., 83/4" long each.

Dennis skinned out the heads, and we started to climb back to the horses in a heavy rain which had started. It was hard work for me. It was half past three, we had had no luncheon, and were tired. Got started for home at 4, and reached there at 7 P. M., all the way in a pouring rain, and with a high cold wind—but happy and contented to have gotten my two goats in one day.

Got some tea, and waited for Cully, who did not arrive until 8:30. Unfortunately he got no goats. They saw some good ones, but they were in such inaccessible places, and down such steep mountainous precipices, they could not get to them. They also saw one grizzly, away down in a valley, but to get to him was impossible without a whole day for the job, and the climbing was too strenuous.

We saw seven or eight moose, but the bulls are still in the velvet, and we will wait.

It continued to rain most of the night.

I forgot to say, we saw two young buck sheep and a small lamb, but the heads were not good enough. There are, no doubt, sheep where we were.

We were pretty well done up when we got back.

The high plateau referred to above is about 6,000 feet, and we found it full of soft places, in some of which the horses went in nearly to their bellies. Cully's horse lay down with him twice in such places.

I think the snow hasn't been long off this mountain, and also that the ground underneath is frozen, thus yielding a constant supply of water.

When the frost comes out, the ground has a tendency to heave, and I think this explains the above conditions.

When I reached the two dead goats, I was attracted to their long white beards, and imagined I could see how the beard of a certain friend—who refused to shave—would look, after another few days. I mention no names.

### August 29th.

# "Mosquito Creek Camp."

The morning broke bright, but soon clouds gathered, the barometer was low, and soon after we started at 11, it began to rain, and rained the whole three hours' ride down the mountain, and across the wide swamp, back to our old camp at Mosquito Creek.

But soon after, the sun came out, and dried things off pretty well.

The afternoon was spent in cleaning up, shoeing horses, and making ready for the next push of six days to the real hunting country.

I am impressed more and more each day by the honesty of purpose, sincerity, and clean lives of these Indians. They are simple and unspoiled as children, and their kindness to each other is beautiful.

As Sir Charles Pease remarked about the nations of East Africa—one should not come here to see barbarians and savages; he should go to New York or London, or to any so-called civilized (?) country.

In their personal habits, they are far cleaner than the Adirondack or French Canadian guides, bathing as often as we, and regularly washing their clothes. And the cook never wastes a morsel—everything is used.

### August 30th.

"Trail-Side Camp" or "Camp of the Yellow Water."

Morning dawned cloudy, with barometer still low, and before we started it began to rain, and continued until 1 o'clock.

Boiled the kettle at 1, and ate lunch on the ground in the rain, and then pushed on, and camped after 12 miles.

The country was a rolling plain, with no trees, except a few scattered balsams, and a low growing bush. Passed several lakes, but saw no game, not even a ptarmigan.

Dennis is a wonderfully fine Indian, and a credit to any civilization. If there were any tribal organization, he would get my vote for Chief.

Cully just remarked, as we are sitting by a blazing camp fire, waiting for dinner: "This is the most ideal camping and outing trip one could have," and it is true. Everything is splendid, and the weather doesn't make the slightest difference. We are happy as can be, under all conditions. Our beds beat the Belmont, and Delmonico never served up such meals, or appetites anyhow.

The weather has gotten cooler, and all trace of mosquito and flies has gone for the season. We still have several days' travel to our head camp.

Elevation at this camp is 4,300 feet.

Dennis selects the camping places, and the feed for the horses is the first consideration. They carry no horse feed, and the horses are turned out to graze. Four horses have bells, and those without bells keep with the others. Billy gets up early and rounds them up, and it often takes him an hour or more, for sometimes they get off some distance.

The other considerations for a good camp are dry ground, good water, and plenty of firewood.

One has to camp with a friend to really know him. I thought before we started that Cully was a normal sort—but then I only knew him as a civilized gent. Now I find he is entirely eligible to join Vars' association, known as the "A. P. A."

P. S. by Dr. Culbert:—I am not given to writing much, but in this wonderful air, in this gentle rain, and before this entrancing camp fire, and furthermore, nagged, or I might say goaded, by the inuendoes of my friend, I cannot help, or rather, I feel in all fairness to record in these memoirs that there is a certain note of—I don't like to call it envy, because I think he is above that, and again, I could hardly call it jealousy, but to be frank, it is a sort of mixture between these two, and admiration, when he refers to my eligibility to the honourable "A. P. A." Also the same is true when, in his cursory way, he refers to my truly high esteem and affection for my "Maggie," and fails in any way to refer to his own devotion to his "Kitty"—which I really regard as an exhibition of high moral character.

## August 31st.

## "Mahlin Station Camp."

Got a late start at 11 o'clock on account of rain.

Rained all night, but soon stopped, and we made 15 miles to Mahlin Telegraph Station.

The only incident worth recording was the yellow jackets which the horses got into. This occurred four times. When the head horse got stung, the others all became wise, and would go double quick through that spot.

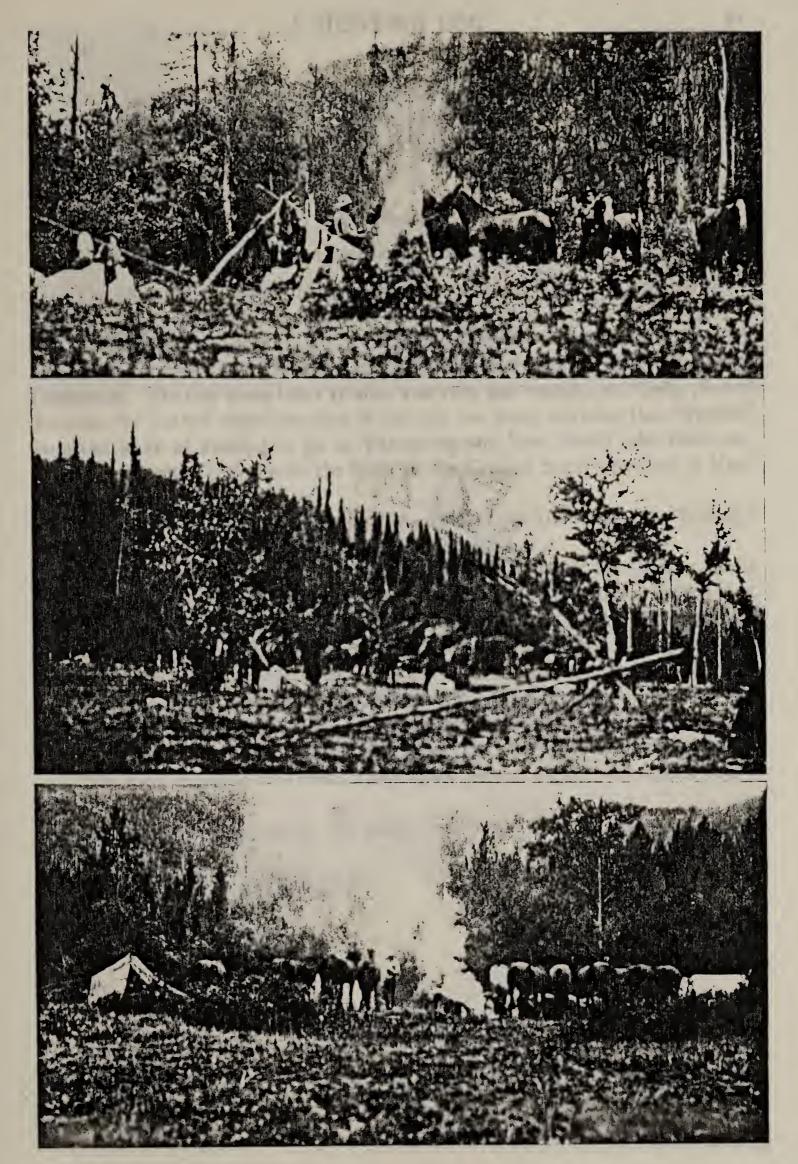
We passed through much small spruce timber, in scenery like the Adirondacks, with many lakes.

By the aneroid we have dropped 1,000 feet, but how much of this is due to change in weather pressure, we don't know.

We are camped on the Mahlin River, a stream the size of the Battenkill. There is a telegraph operator and one lineman living here alone—a very lonely life. They were glad to see us, and their three big dogs equally happy.

Referring again to the yellow jackets,—Maggie also got stung on the leg and Cully was distressed, but put something on, and she didn't swell much.

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CAMP VIEWS TAKEN IN THE CASSIAR MOUNTAINS EARLY IN SEPTEMBER.



Cully has now such a long grey beard, that we call him "Silver Tip." Got five blue grouse today, and will have them for dinner.

Had cup of tea with Wrathall and Hicks, the telegraph men, when we got in. Elevation here 3,250.

### September 1st.

## "Camp of Much Bog and Rain."

The morning was taken up in shoeing horses, and in general repairs to the outfit.

After Cully and I had packed our stuff, we went down to visit with Wrathall and Hicks. I sent a night message to Helen, and Cully examined Wrathall professionally. He had some heart trouble and very bad tonsils, and Cully phoned Jackson, the district superintendent of the line, the facts, advising that Wrathall be given leave of absence to go to Vancouver and have Smith take them out. Jackson suggested Cully write the facts to the General Superintendent at Vancouver, which he did.

The boys put the first shoes on the young horse known as the "Kicker." They had to tie up one leg to do it, but they know how.

We climbed from the valley of the Mahlin to the bench of the Plateau, about 500 feet, and our course lay through burned and fallen timber for half a day, then through small spruce,—and then on to a plain of low scrub. The trail was never freed of fallen logs, and it was not easy going. Besides, the muskeg was very thick and boggy, and altogether the worst trail ever. One horse got mired, and flopped over on her side in a mud-hole, and one of my bags was under her, and buried in water, mud and slime. Some got inside, and we had a wet camp, but happy and comfortable beside a great fire.

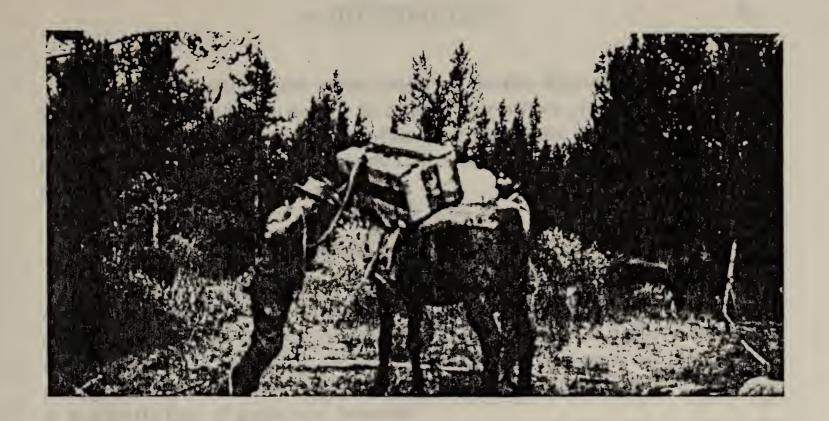
The next morning there was fresh snow on the higher mountains, and it was cold.

Dennis is a great optimist. No matter how hard it rains, Dennis says, "Good day tomorrow."

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VIEWS OF INDIAN GUIDES LOADING PACK HORSES.



We are approaching the game country. George Eastman, of Rochester, with three others and 32 horses, is camped somewhere ahead. We are not anxious to see him. In anticipation of meeting their Atlin guides with him, our men all shaved this morning. I wish Cully would—he looks awful. Altitude 4,250 feet.

### September 2nd.

## "Moose Mountain Camp."

The rain continued most of the night, but stopped by breakfast, and we started. The course continued over the same undulating plain, until we reached and climbed over the south arm of Moose Camp Mountain. A hard climb for the pack horses. Once on top, we skirted to back side, and came out on another rolling muskeg plain, where, a little later, the caribou congregate in hundreds. It was pretty bare of game now, however.

We camped about in the middle of the plain, in view of the country beyond where we go for sheep, moose and caribou.

George Eastman's party are evidently camped four miles from us under a high table mountain. We think so, because their trail led that way, and the movements of nine goats on the face of the table mountain indicated they were being disturbed.

We can see these goats again this morning (next day), and they are in a most inaccessible place. "Georgie" may photograph them with his telephoto camera, but he won't get their heads for his front hallway.

One horse got mired yesterday and his pack had to be removed.

Dennis shot seven ptarmigan and two spruce hen. Had a pot pie roast for dinner, with corn bread, potatoes, peas, stewed peaches, gooseberry jam, and tea, and for breakfast fried ptarmigan, with bacon, potatoes, corn-meal mush, coffee and cakes. I fear we won't lose weight.

There are three kinds of ptarmigan—the grey and white one, the "rock" type, and a small one, the size of a quail, living very high tip. Then there are the ruffled grouse, the spruce hen, and the blue grouse.

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Billy saw a big caribou when getting in the horses this morning. Saw plenty of game trails yesterday. The horns of the moose and caribou are still in the velvet, but these will be clear very soon. These animals mate now in a very few days.

Camped amid small grove of scattered balsams in middle of plain. We are camped at 5,200 feet elevation.

### September 3rd.

It rained hard all night, and this morning there was more fresh snow on the ranges. It is still pouring at 10:30 A. M., and we shall probably remain here all day, as the nearest good camping place is 10 to 12 miles away, and it is raw and cold. We are sitting inside Cook's tent by the stove. Haven't used our own stove yet, but we slept 11½ hours last night.

We haven't a care, and have forgotten all the old ones, which loomed so large when we left. Pills and patients and hospitals—all forgotten,—and as Cully says, "Nothing to do but breathe."

Dennis kept watching with the glasses, the plain and the rolling ridges, and about 2:30 spied what he said was a caribou with a good head. The other boys confirmed this, and Cully and Ben started to stalk him at 3 o'clock.

The whole stalk was in plain sight from the camp, and I followed them with the glass for three hours.

The caribou was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles away on the side of a rolling ridge. The only obstruction in the landscape was short scrub.

Cully shot twice at 100 yards and got him. The head is a beauty in its symmetrical proportions, with a  $55\frac{1}{2}$ " horns and 40 points.

Cully came home soaked but happy, and well satisfied with his trophy.

The rain slacked up this afternoon, but it is still cloudy. Hope we can go on tomorrow. This is the first day we have laid up for rain. The boys don't mind traveling in the rain, but they don't like to pack up in the rain, as everything gets wet. Once the stuff is on the horses, covered with canvas, it keeps dry.

Had caribou tenderloin, ham, split pea soup, potatoes, peas, biscuits, raisin cake, doughnuts, and coffee—and a cigar. Not such a bad day after all.

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TYPICAL VIEWS IN THE CASSIARS, AND LUNCH TIME, SHOWING DR. CULBERT AND THE FOUR GUIDES.



## September 4th.

## "Cache Camp."

In the morning, the weather cleared up somewhat, and with the exception of occasional showers in the forenoon, the going was good. We traveled across the plain, gradually rising, and after luncheon Dennis and I bore off to right alone up past the shoulder of Table Mountain, and the others went on into camp.

Dennis and I hunted for bear all afternoon, but saw none. Got into a very hard shower of rain and hail for an hour, and it was very cold.

We made a long detour to cross the head of the ravine, and up to the spur of a big mountain, where we had a glorious view of a great plain to the east, 30 miles long, and fringed by spike peaks, snow covered. We are to cross that plain tomorrow, and go into those mountains for a permanent camp of a few days, and are cacheing part of our stuff here to lighten up.

We saw very many caribou on this plain—one of the finest sights and settings in the world.

After leaving us, Cully also saw many caribou, and once a small band came up quite close to inspect the horses and the big antlers being carried on the "buckskin" man. They danced and cavorted around like colts.

Shot seven ptarmigan and a ground hog for supper. The former are more plenty than ever here. We are camped in a wooded ravine, near where Dennis had a cache of traps and supplies for his winter fur hunting. In addition to caribou, Cully saw about a dozen moose.

Elevation here 5,250 feet.

## September 5th.

Soon after climbing out of the ravine from camp, a heavy rain with high wind set in, and kept up until we stopped to boil the kettle at 3 o'clock. It was cold, and we had to walk frequently to keep warm. The boys made a big fire in

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NAMED IN C  a low swampy place, entirely unprotected from the wind, but we got warm, anyhow.

From the height at which Dennis and I saw the plain we crossed today, it looked flat, but when we came to travel it, it was one succession of rolling low ridges, absolutely treeless, and filled with swampy boggy places, which required careful negotiating by the pack horses, but none of them fell. Saw some small bands of caribou, but no large heads.

When we broke over into another big valley and among some low growing stunted spruce, where we made camp, we saw three moose.

There were many ptarmigan, and Dennis shot seven in ten minutes. As usual, had these for dinner, along with fried caribou steak, and split pea soup.

Elevation 5,100 feet.

### September 6th.

## "Grizzly Bear Camp."

Dark, cloudy and cold, but no rain, and the character of the country the same as past two days.

Saw three moose off in the distance, and as one head looked good, Dennis and I went after him. We got up to 50 yards of two bulls at different places, after an hour, but decided they weren't good enough. Dennis was undecided about one, and "called," and the moose stood up and answered. He was a magnificent sight, and kept grunting. Dennis said he might charge, so we went back.

We found Cully was off on another stalk. We saw him and Benny off on the top of a high hill 500 yards from where the kettle was boiling, watching three bull moose and two cows. One bull, and the two cows just below them at the foot of the hill, were in range.

Dennis ran up to them after we got in to the fire, and soon there were these three dark men sitting on the hill and watching the moose. After a long DOLL DELINIOL W

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time they came back, saying the Doctor wouldn't shoot as he thought the big head was not quite good enough, but Dennis said "pletty good head."

After we had lunched, during which each man except me ate a whole ptarmigan roasted on a spit, Dennis said, "Come on, we go and stalk him." So we all went back to top of hill, located the bull lying down, and began our stalk, with the others watching.

When we got within 100 yards, the wind veered before we saw the moose, and three of them made off at a run. Cully said it was a good picture from the hill top.

We then came back to our horses and started in pursuit, while the rest of the party went on to make camp. It was about 2 o'clock. After half a mile, Dennis spotted a different and larger bull off on a rise, which he said looked good. Hitched the cayuses and started the stalk.

Soon the bull lay down, and we couldn't well see his horns, but after an hour's stalk, climbed a hill—taking some chances with the wind—and had scarcely got seated to take a look at the horns, when he got our wind, and got up ready to run.

Dennis said, "Shoot," which I did, and three shots brought him down. He was a magnificent animal, not old, and the velvet still on the horns, but all goose and green, with a wonderful bell. We peeled it off easily. The horns were 51" spread, but very symmetrical, and a fair specimen. Dennis skimmed out the head, packed it on a horse (I brought them up while he was at work), and we made eamp after 1½ hours, tired but happy.

There are very many signs of game, and we are just on the border of the game country, and tomorrow are going on for half a day into a permanent camp. We are well pleased with the signs of the country and the looks of it.

On the way from luncheon to camp all eight horses got mired. The boys had to take the packs off four of the horses. This was all due to bad judgment in choosing a crossing place. They miss Dennis when he is away.

We brought in some of the fat and tenderloin, and had delicious moose steak for dinner and breakfast. Cully sighs every time an animal is shot, that we and the same of th







- 1. BENNY FRANK, INDIAN GUIDE OF DR. CULBERT.
  2. MR. McCLELLAN PREPARED FOR ANOTHER DAY'S HUNT.
  3. GRAZING TIME.



have to leave so much meat. Seems he wants to eat our bag limit of four caribou, two moose, four sheep, four goats, and ten bear. Some appetite for one who is so abstenious(?) at table. That word, however, doesn't apply here. Cully worries daily about getting stout, and feels he is growing bigger all the time. I don't think he is really, but the feeling is due to the daily shrinkage of these \$1.50 pants he bought of the Jew. If they keep on at their present rate, and the rain and wet continues, they will be the right size for Bobby when we get home. He is thinking of willing them either to Bobby or to one of his grandsons.

It did not rain during the day, but rained hard all night.

The altitude here is 5,200 feet.

September 7th.

"Stray Dog Camp."

Rained much during the night, and was raining hard in the morning, and it kept up until about 11 o'clock.

Benny went up to the top of the ridge behind camp and reported two good bull moose. We all went up to take a look and it was decided to boil the kettle, and have a snack, and that Cully should go ahead and stalk, while the rest packed up, and came on after. We were an hour behind them, and when we reached the top of ridge, we could see the whole stalk a mile away on the next ridge.

The boys got within 50 yards of the moose, but Cully could not see the big one, and as Benny went off to one side to get a better look, they saw him and made off. The boys followed and picked up their horses, but failed to find the moose.

The main caravan continued on to camp, which we reached about 7, and as it was a side hill site and to be our permanent camp, the pitching of tents required more care and preparation than for a one night's stand.

Cully had not arrived at 8, and we were getting anxious, but about 8:30 we saw then coming across the plain.

Dinner was at 10 P. M., and we camped at 5,000 feet elevation. The weather began to show signs of changing, the wind shifted to north, and we had a big white frost.

### September 8th.

# "Head Camp Happiness."

Morning broke beautiful. When I awoke the ptarmigan were calling to one another all over the place,—showing their happiness at the sunlight. One of these birds came right up to the door of our tent, and said, "Hullo, Hullo," as clearly as a human being would say the words.

Dennis and I started to put in a full day for sheep, and were out from 9:15 to 8:00 P. M. We had a hard day's ride, and Dennis searched every crag and mountain side and peak for the whole day, but saw almost no sheep, and Dennis worked hard.

After lunch at 2, he left me with the horses, as he said, "for half an hour," but he was gone two hours and twenty minutes, walking and looking. On the way home he saw a couple, but it was too late to go after them, and as we were nearing camp he saw two, off on the sky line of a ridge, west of our camp one and a half miles.

Cully felt he should get his moose, so put in the day on that job. They went west under the short timber on the edge of the plain for a matter of six miles. During the day they saw, all told, ten bulls. There were five off a further three miles which they kept in reserve until they investigated two which were nearer, one of which had a good head. They got up within 100 yards, decided the head was desirable, and Cully shot as the bull was facing him, and missed, and off he went. There was nothing but his head visible, the light wasn't good, and that moose still lives.

Then, although late, they started for the five which were three miles away, and on the way, and in a deep ravine, found a real good head, which Cully dropped with one shot. It is a splendidly proportioned head, though not a wide spread.

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Thus ended a perfect day, for the weather really was perfect for the first time in nearly two weeks.

The night of the 7th I awoke at five with cold feet, and couldn't go to sleep again. Cully said my cold feet came from a cup of tea I drank for dinner. Nothing of the kind. Cold feet come from frost, not tea. These doctors have funny ideas. I can forgive him, for he threw me over a thick pair of pants which I put on, and thought then I could go to sleep. But the pants were so damp and cold, they did no good. However, it is ungracious of me to complain, for he honestly tried to do me a favor to atone for his "break" about the tea. He was only half awake, anyhow.

The next night I determined to put on enough clothes, so I would not sleep cold. I put on three pairs of stockings, two pairs pants, a woolen shirt, a skin jacket, a sweater, and a Mackinaw coat. Besides, took one of my extra blankets, pinned it into the form of a pad,—and believe me *I slept warm*. Never turned over during the night and did not hear Dennis in the morning when he came to make our camp fire at 6:30, until he called a half dozen times.

When we started this trip, I undressed and used the conventional pyjamas, but the cold has cured me of that affectation of the settlements, and I have adopted Cully's barbarian methods, and now don't undress at all. He hasn't undressed since we started. All he has to do to get ready for bed, is to take off his boots, his bowie knife, his revolver and his drinking cup, and he is ready for bed.

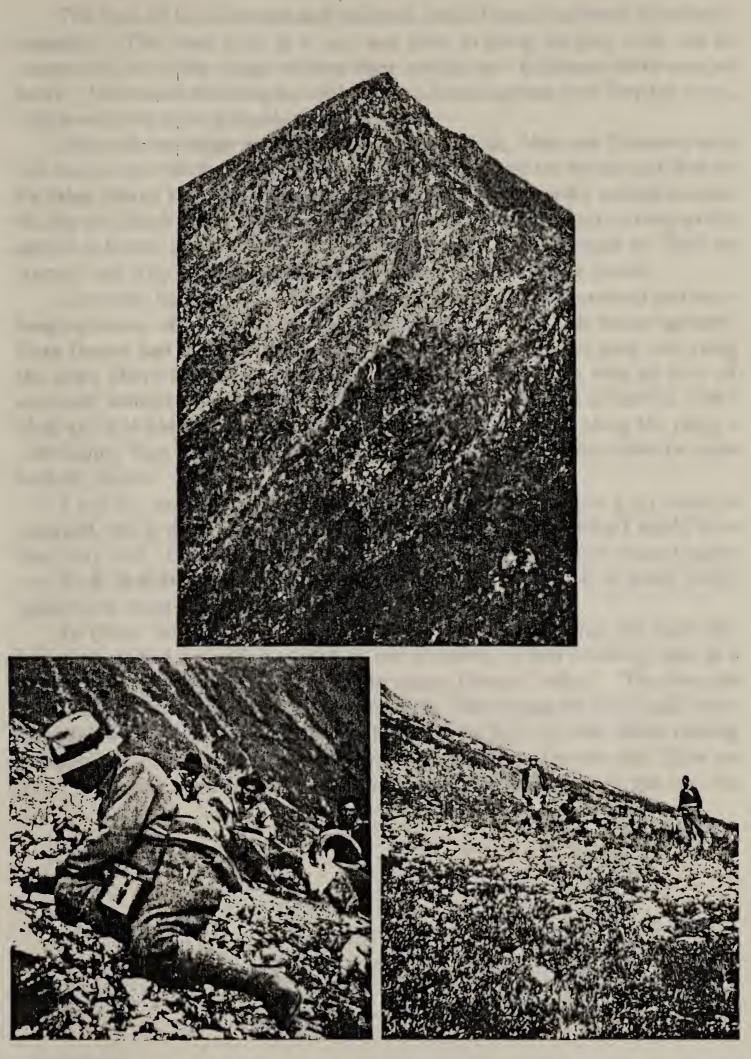
### September 9th.

# "Head Camp Happiness."

After sheep again. Dennis determined to make a good try for those two rams which we saw over on the western mountain on our way home last evening. He told Ned and me to take the horses, go to the big pass, and then await him. He started for the mountain on foot. He came back in 20 minutes, having seen the two rams, half way down the side of the mountain, feeding.

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- 1. MOUTAIN NAMED BY DR. CULBERT AND NOW KNOWN BY THE INDIANS AS McCLELLAN MOUNTAIN, THIS BEING THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THIS REGION.
- 2. MR. McCLELLAN LOADING HIS CAMERA.
- 3. MR. MCCLELLAN AND GUIDES, TAKEN BY DR. CULBERT.



The boys all stood around and jabbered, while Dennis perfected his plan of campaign. The sheep were in a very bad place to reach, as they could not be approached to within range without their seeing us. Evidently there was no hurry. He wanted the sheep to finish feeding, knowing that once they lay down, they would stay there probably for some hours.

After all the jabbering for half an hour, Dennis, Ned and I started with two horses and rode for three-quarters of a mile, and left the horses and Ned on the other side of the valley from the mountain and Dennis and I started to cross the flat and climb the mountain. It was over 2,000 feet high, and as steep as the side of a house, and I wondered if it was wise for me to attempt it. But we started, and after two hours made the top, after many stops for breath.

Got on the highest peak, which was very narrow, and with cracked and overhanging rocks, which looked like they might fall with very little encouragement. Here Dennis had to revise his plans. We could not get off this peak and along the ridge above the sheep, because of a precipice, and there was no way of approach without being seen. So Dennis went back down the mountain, found Ned, and told him to make his way across the plain, and come along the ridge a little higher than the sheep, and drive the rams in our direction, while he came back to join me.

I had sat on that peak without any luncheon from 12:30 to 3:30 when he returned, and it was fortunate there was but little wind, otherwise I would have been very cold. Dennis brought me a biscuit, a couple of pieces of moose tongue, and some chocolate, and we sat down to watch the rams, and to await Ned's appearance along the side of the ridge.

In fifteen minutes we saw him, and in a few minutes, when the rams saw him, they started, according to plan, in our direction, at first leisurely, then at a quicker pace. When the head one got in range, Dennis "called." The first one stopped, and I got him with my first shot. The others came on faster and somewhat below, and my second shot broke his front leg high up—the bullet passing through his brisket. He disappeared over a ledge below. Dennis said, "Give me gun." Away he went down the mountain, like a goat, and when he got over the

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ledge, there was no use of another shot—as the sheep was down, but he shot all the same.

The boys skimmed out the necks and cut off the heads, then rolled the carcasses down the mountain, and we will send back for our mutton tomorrow.

It was a satisfactory day, and Dennis is a great hunter.

Cully has been out all day for sheep, and while they found some ewes, they found no rams,—yet he says it was one of the best days he ever put in. Tomorrow I hope he gets his sheep. He saw six white ewe sheep, which his guide said were Fannin sheep. We are surprised to find this type of sheep here, as we have been told there were no Fannin sheep in these parts. I would like one.

### September 10th.

### "Head Camp Happiness."

The forenoon was spent putting the two rams' heads and scalps in order, and in doing some necessary personal things—already too long neglected, and this half day's lay off was most acceptable.

Cully's guide went off afoot early, and has spent the whole day in search of sheep, so that Cully can make his hunt, we hope, tomorrow. He is not back yet (7 P. M).

This afternoon Dennis and I rode out some three miles for a few hours to look for bear and desirable caribou, but without success.

Ned and Billy took two horses and went over and brought in the mutton. It looks like a slaughterhouse about the camp tonight. All the scalps are hung up to dry out, except Cully's moose scalp; the quarters of mutton are hanging from a pole, along with certain choice bits of caribou and moose meat; and various horns are hung on the trees.

The Indians are fond of this wild mutton. We are to sample it for the first time tonight. It ought to be good food. It lives as high up as anything grows, has plenty of fresh air, and eats only good, clean food.

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These rams were double the size of the ordinary domestic ram,—and just as fat as butter. This fat was all very carefully saved,—and we expect—and hope for—one of those suet puddings which Elting christened by a name unprintable, but which he said was the best food he ever ate.

Referring again to the ptarmigan and others of the grouse family, we are camped on the side of a hill, without southern exposure, and there are hundreds of the ptarmigan on this hillside. In the bright early mornings they make a racket like our chickens at home—noisy little chaps. And by the way, Dennis never speaks of "grouse" or "ptarmigan"—he calls them all "chicken." He says, "I take gun and shoot chicken for dinner."

Yesterday, when Cully and Ben were out, the latter called Cully's attention to the fact that the ptarmigan there had a different note from those back at camp. He said, "You hear, he talk different."

Yesterday and today have been two of the most perfect of days, and they are a joy after the rain.

Cully and I are sitting in front of the tent by a big camp fire, waiting for dinner, while I write.

This morning he opened the box his sister gave him to bring, and it made our mouths water. She must have had experience in camping, for she chose just exactly the things we would have asked for—various sorts of nuts in good generous amounts, grape jam, marmalade, honey and currant jelly. Just think of opening the "currant jelly" just as the wild mutton came into camp.

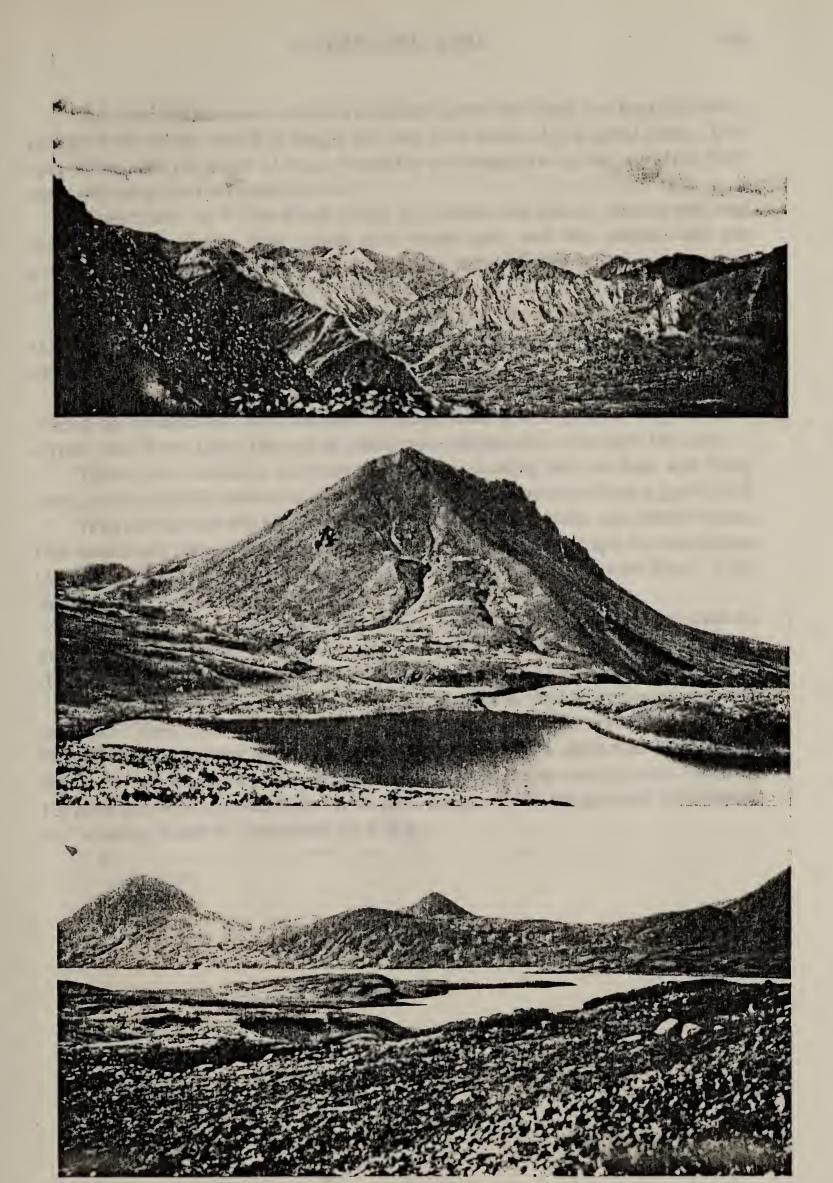
This morning there was ice in the pail, and last evening we saw for the first, a little of the Aurora Borealis. Later we hope for good displays.

# September 11th.

# "Head Camp Happiness."

Dennis and I went for bear off through the pass by which we reached the camp, for about two miles, then branched off to left, past the big cone-shaped lava peak. We saw seven ewes and lambs climbing this peak to what Dennis says is a salt lick, he thinks, at the top.

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- 1. LOOKING DOWN ON THE CASSLARS.
- 2. EMERALD LAKE, NAMED BY MR. MCCLELLAN. 3. SHOOTING WITH A CAMERA—A BEAUTIFUL PANORAMA.



The sides of this cone, which is probably 2,000 feet high, are lava cinders—up which the sheep march in single file, and at a walk,—by a spiral path. It is very steep, and the sight of these beautiful wild creatures going up after their early morning feed was impressive.

Down below on a rise from which we viewed the above, were a ewe and lamb quietly feeding. Few people ever come here, and the animals are not greatly frightened by the sight of man, but a scent of him will drive them off at a run.

There was a beautiful little emerald lake, like a precious stone, nestling at the foot of this mountain, where 40 ducks were sporting about. I got a picture of this gem.

Continued on to the top of a good hill, which overlooked a very wide valley, circled by mountains, with another emerald lake, which poured a good sized stream into Tuya Lake, the end of which we could see down through the pass.

There were no bears in sight, but a likely-looking bull caribou was lying down one and a half miles away, which Dennis said seemed to have a good head.

We rode around the lake to a high point overlooking him, and closer inspection confirmed Dennis' opinion of the head. Then the beast got up and began to "travel" and feed, and we had a long stalk of over an hour to get him. Took the scalp and head home.

While eating our luncheon, the horses which had their bridles removed to graze, started quite rapidly for home. Dennis, with a biscuit and a piece of cheese, started over the ridge and caught them after half an hour.

These horses seem to have many of the abilities and instincts of the wild animals. They, for example, will follow a back trail by scent like a dog, as Dennis showed me one day when returning home from a day's hunt, which had led us far afield, through bush and bog and over rocks and through streams. He gave his horse his head, and with nose frequently to the ground, he retraced our winding steps as accurately as a dog.

I have said nothing about the trails, since we left the Dawson trail. There are none whatever, except some game trails, and we saw the last one when we left Mahlin on September 1st.

During the first week, not being accustomed to horse riding since many years,—and never having experienced the sort of "going" we have here,—I felt, unless I watched my horse's every step and steered him carefully over rocks, through brush and bog, that he would stumble and spill me. I have learned, however, that one is, as a rule, safer to trust his horse. He knows his job, and selects his steps and course by experience and instinct. But the Indians make horses climb places and slide down slides, which at first seemed awfully risky and dangerous, but which, now, we are used to,—and we have confidence in our surefooted cayuses.

I said before that no feed whatever was brought along for the horses. They are turned loose to graze at night, and seem to get on well on the wild grasses. The first two weeks it was hot, the packs heavy, and the beasts showed it, but now, after a rest of a week here, they are looking plump and rested.

The horse wrangler's job is the worst of all. He is responsible for the horses, has to get up at daylight and search for them in the wet, and if they come around camp in the night, he must get up and drive them off, for if some of the horses smell salt around the supplies which are in the open under a canvas, they may make havoc. The boys salted some "scalps" at this camp on our arrival, and this has raised much trouble, for the horses persist in coming to camp for the salt at any time of the night. Last night there was a big hullabulloo, with Billy and Dennis shouting and driving them off. Poor old Billy had only his drawers, shirt and rubbers on, and he chased them away down the hill through the wet bushes to the flat. Then this morning five were missing, and Billy didn't get in until 10 A. M., having been out since daylight, with no breakfast.

The doctor had an exciting day after sheep, and will describe his experience below. He climbed what looked like an almost inaccessible peak, and he and I were joyful that he did it so easily and with no resulting discomfort except some stiffened muscles.

P. S. by Dr. Culbert:—Ed. says very glibly, "Cully, you write this up yourself." Perhaps he thinks he is doing me a favor in that command. He is a natural born and fluent writer and I am sure enjoys the job, at least to all appearances he does, and especially so when he can rake up, or manufacture, any joke on me. He will sit and chuckle over it like a schoolboy.

This makes us both happy, more especially because, first, Ed's jokes are always "kindly jokes," and second, I don't believe anyone could see him chuckle all over from head to foot, without feeling good and sharing the joy of it, without absorbing the contagion and falling for it.

Before I record the day's experiences, while I have this log book in my possession, and a free hand (not often the case), it seems to me quite timely to make a few other remarks.

In the first place, this is the most wonderful "trip" one could imagine. Marvelous scenery, most expansive and rugged in character, utterly baffling description, wonderful bracing air, considerably over 4,000 miles away from home.

Necessarily it took an endless amount of planning and arranging before we started. Ed. attended to all this detail, in fact, was busy with it for ten months before we started, and I want to take my hat off to him as a manager, for everything has progressed so far without a hitch, or a slip, thanks to his foresight in everything, including his selection of our head guide, Dennis, who aside from being an excellent guide and wonderful hunter, is a true Indian optimist of the first water.

I want to say a lot more about Ed's prowess, but time and space forbid for the moment.

We, Benny and I started out for sheep this fine morning. Benny had not been able to locate any yesterday, so we went over the hill to the northwest and skirted past the lake and the mountain where Ed. got his sheep. This is the highest mountain around, and I have named it "McClellan" Mountain. The guides and all refer to it by name now.

We went toward the high pass which we were ascending, when Benny spied a couple of rams, one fair sized Fannin and one small one, among the rocks,

about two-thirds the way up on a face of the mountain beyond, where Ed. shot his.

We decided to try for the big one which was feeding, so left the horses with Billy, who had come along to help, and began the ascent on another face of the mountain beyond, and out of sight of the rams.

It was a hard steep climb, and when we got up, Benny stood up in full view to look around. That was enough for the rams; they bade us goodday, and went. I took one chance, shot at over 400 yards, but, needless to say, I am not as good a shot as Uncle Johnny, nor Benny as good a general as Dennis.

I cannot say that I felt so badly at seeing them go, either. They were so pretty, so graceful, and so agile in climbing over along the rough and steep mountain sides. Then, too, I always have the feeling that if I shoot my game, I won't have the pleasure of going after that game again, and it certainly is a pleasure to see these animals in their natural state, and watching their motions. So, when the rams had gone, I proceeded to test out my khaki trousers, by sliding down the steep mountain side. Ed. tried to rag me about this later, but it is my belief that they stood the test mighty well.

### September 12th.

# "Head Camp Happiness."

The weather ever since we struck this camp has been most ideal. Beautiful bright days and nights all the time, and very little wind. Dennis says we are fortunate.

After Cully's failure to get the two rams on the 11th, his guide started north to try and locate others for a hunt next day. He returned late, reported having marked down a bunch of eight. Dennis didn't want to take any more chances of poor stalking, and was very anxious for the Doctor to get his two sheep, so said, "We *all* go tomorrow early for these sheep?"

At 8 o'clock we were started, Ned, the cook, accompanying us to act as claser, if necessary. Found the flock where Ben had located them, about five miles from camp, but instead of eight, there were ten or twelve. They were on

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the grassy slope running up to high ridges which enclosed the slope in a half circle. Cully and I were joyful when Dennis said, "Not necessary to climb big ridge. We can get above them by following the water course—so getting to top of the big grassy slope above the sheep."

We kept the horses and rode three-quarters of the way up, but out of sight of the sheep, then left horses hitched in a sheltered place and began the rest of the climb afoot. Cully and I took our time, and the two guides went ahead, and one at the top found the bunch had six "policemen" on the watch, much higher up than the main bunch. One young ram was on the side of the cliff just on a line with our hiding place and not over 50 yards away, three others a little lower down to the left, and two more away off on the other side of basin.

The plan was to shoot from our location as the rams were resting, but the "police" interfered. We couldn't get in position to shoot, without alarming the "police." So Dennis sent Ned away down the mountain to swing around and "drive" the bunch our way.

We got in position and soon Ned began his drive and shouting. The first to start were the two "police" over near him, and they started, not in our direction at all, but straight away up for the high ridge—and the whole bunch at once took the signal and were off.

Dennis had previously spotted a good ram, lying below our watch point. He was very excited and pulled Doctor along with him to good shooting position, pointed out that ram and told him to shoot him. He was so excited, he fussed Cully a bit,—anyway, he didn't shoot well at first, and the rams were making tracks. Soon the whole lot were 300 yards, and I think 350.

Cully shot at the rear ram and he disappeared, and we forgot all about him, and he kept shooting at the next one. Finally he was hit, and as it proved afterwards, he was hit twice, and he rolled down the mountain. By this time the rest had disappeared.

As we sat there, Dennis discovered the sheep which I referred to above as having "disappeared." He was seen by the glass to be very seriously wounded, and finally fell for good, without any more shots.







HARD EARNED RESULTS.



One of the heads had 38" horns and was a beautiful stone sheep; the other was younger, but very graceful and pretty.

Thus ended the hunt, and we now each had our full bag of sheep, except that we were entitled to one Fannin sheep each.

Dennis was the keen, efficient and ideal hunter up to the killing,—cautious as a bear,—but when we got up to the sheep, he was the picture of happiness. He sang, he whistled and always had the big smile. He was outspoken in his joy and pleasure that his party had completed their bag of the toughest game to get in these parts. Now he can ride back into Telegraph Creek, with feathers flying, and, with all these "scalps" at his belt, dazzle the eyes of the beautiful squaws, for which that place is noted.

They skimmed out the heads, took the hind quarters of the youngest sheep and one spare rib, and we went back to the horses, to cook and eat our "muck-a-muck" (a Chinook word for "chow"). We had cold mutton, bread, jam, cheese, tea, and had that spare rib roasted, Indian style, before the fire on a spit. Old Dennis was our delight, he was so happy. He stretched himself out by the fire and said, "After lunch, I make a big sleep. No more worry now, only 'Silver Tip,' and we get him soon."

Dear old soul is Dennis, and he has brains. He has stepped right out of Cooper's novels,—and could well have been Chingachook, the friend of Deerslayer. When I see him coming over a bunch of rocks on a mountain, with his dark skin, prominent features, no hat, but a knitted band about his head, I instinctively look at his girdle for "scalps." He gets the scalps all right, but they are animal, not human, scalps.

I am just learning their methods of hunting. Some of the chief points are, always get above your game; be very careful of the wind; *take your time*, etc., etc. They think nothing of taking a whole day to stalk a sheep.

Referring again to the shooting of the sheep today. The mountain side was all broken grey rock and the sheep the same color as the rocks. This fact made sighting difficult at long range.

Our tent is comfortable, and the air mattresses a joy. When the cold nights started, we closed the flaps at night, but found we did not sleep so well. So now,

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we have them wide open at night. Every night we have a big camp fire in front of tent, and we go to sleep in a brightly lighted tent.

There is a stove for our tent, but no elbow was provided, so we can't use it, except by risking the burning of the tent by sparks. It was put up once and in a few minutes burned a couple of holes, so we use it no more. Don't need it, anyhow.

Our permanent camp is on the head waters of the Jennings River. Within a radius of a very few miles are waters running into the Yukon, the Mackenzie, and the Stikine.

These big "rolling plains" which I have frequently referred to, are at a high altitude, and they are always referred to by the Indians as "the big mountain."

### September 13th.

### "Head Camp Happiness."

Another glorious morning, with the "chicken" making a fuss all over the hillside.

Dennis and I are staying in camp for the forenoon doing some needed things, while Cully is taking some practice shots at a mark, in the hope of improving his shooting. I am writing at about noon.

After lunch we will go and look for bear. Cully went away for the day to try and get goat. His guide saw one, one day, but we have seen none in this country. Too bad we didn't wait over on Hart Mountain, so Cully could have gotten his goats, but at that time he thought he didn't want any. Now he is sorry, and does want them, and I hope he is successful today.

By the way, we had the "Dr. Elting" pudding and it is really fine. The name he gave it is not for publication, so I shall refer to it as the "Dr. Elting" pudding. We now have plenty of suet and can have the dish many times.

Dennis and I spent the forenoon in camp, busy every minute, and after a wonderful luncheon of wild mutton chops, left at 2 o'clock to look for bear, going west to watch a big pass from a high ridge. We saw no bear, but at least 50

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caribou. One bunch had 30, among which was a bull that looked to have a good head. Crossed the valley and stalked them to within 400 yards with the horses always in plain sight. There was no chance for concealment, anyhow, as they were in the middle of a long grassy slope.

Left the horses at 400 yards and walked to within 200 yards,—the nearer position confirming the good and graceful lines of the head. The beasts all stood looking at us, and, on Dennis' advice, decided to take this very last caribou allowance this season. I shot seven times and hit him each time. He was a tough old rascal, and one would not expect him to stand so much lead.

The head was not a record for size, being only a medium one, but it is beautiful and symmetrical, and I am satisfied.

I now have all the bag I am entitled to under the law, except bear, and the balance of my time will be put in with an effort to round out the bear limit. They seem scarce, none of the party having seen any on this trip, except Cully, on Hart Mountain, at 5 P. M., in a cold rain, the bear 1,000 yards down an impossible cliff, and it was too late to go around for him.

Cully and Ben had no luck today, not being able to find any goat,—but when they came in at dark, Cully said all the same: "The end of a perfect day." He is far less keen to get a bag than I am, and is quite happy just to be here in this wonderfully wild and picturesque country, and to be away from and free from all care.

As to caribou shooting,—I do not care to shoot any more. They are too numerous and too easy. I am awfully pleased to have two good specimen heads,—but as for getting more,—it would be about as much pleasure to shoot a domestic cow.

This is the sixth day since arriving at camp, everyone of which has been perfect for weather, and Dennis thinks no hunters have been here for three or four years. What a surprise to these wild animals to see a human being for the first time! The caribou are often quite curious, and if they do not scent us, sometimes come quite close, so anxious they are to see a new specimen of being. I did not think I would ever get to a country of such virgin wildness, and so seldom visited by man.

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Dennis says by the time we get back in the big plains on way out, the caribou will be flocking by the hundreds. And as for moose,—they are plentiful, but not so numerous by far as the caribou. One day Cully saw ten bulls. It is really too bad to shoot these great big beasts, which weigh 1,200 to 1,400 pounds. They are picturesque, harmless and beautiful, and I fear will become extinct in time. Beach and Elting, now they have all the heads they want, have the right idea, viz, hunt with the camera.

### September 14th.

### "Head Camp Happiness."

Weather showed signs of change this morning. The wind strong from the south, clouds running, and raining a little. But we had ordered breakfast for 7 o'clock, and soon after Cully started to put in one more day after goat. Whether he is successful or not, we have to break camp tomorrow and start gradually our return journey,—hunting for bear as we go, and Cully has one more caribou to get.

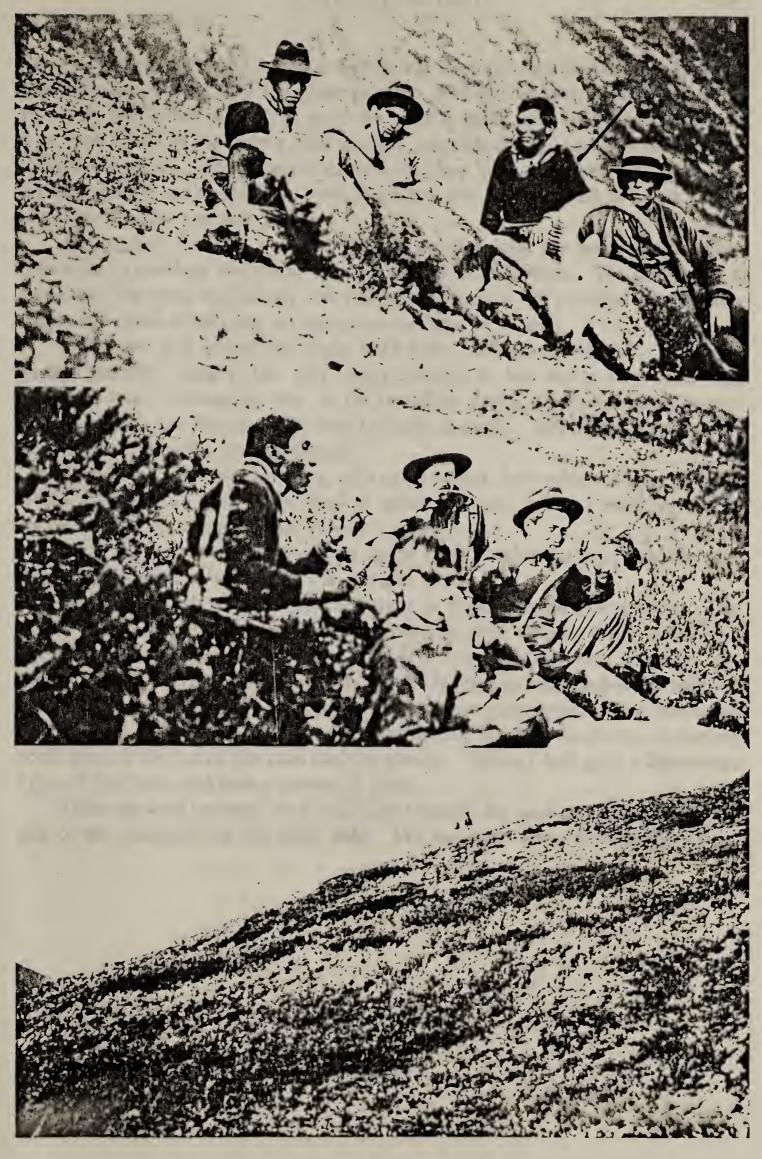
We don't like the idea of turning our faces towards Telegraph Creek, because it means this wonderful outing is drawing to a close. But it must be done, and our 40 days' contract is up on September 30th, so that we have 16 days left after today.

The real hunting sport of this country is the hunting of the sheep and goat. They are good game and hard to get, and the getting requires skill, perseverance and endurance, for their usual habitat is high up on the mountains and the approach usually difficult. We surely had good luck to get our four sheep, and to get them two at a time, which saved lots of hard climbing and work and time.

Dennis says we may expect snow any day. That doesn't sound good to me, when I think of the difficulty of travel with no trail and no snow,—and how much more difficult it must be with snow.

Every day we think and talk about Bob, and how much he would revel in such a trip as this. I think he would, even more than Cully and I, if that be possible. But he is young yet, and has lots of time to take it. I began to think I

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- 1. LEFT TO RIGHT -THE COOK, BENNY FRANK, DENNIS AND MR. MCCLELLAN.
  2. HUNTERS ENJOYING A FEAST OF MUTTON.
  3. A HUNTER IN SILHOUETTE.



must be getting old, and I judge so by the way Ned the cook treats me. Besides, the other day, when Cully was alone in camp, Ned said to him, "What a nice old man Mr. McClellan is!" That gave me quite a shock, and on the way into our tent, took a look in the mirror, and saw the grey whiskers,—and started immediately for a shave,—and afterwards took another look, and knew the cook was wrong. One is but as old as he feels, and I feel like 20 years, and in better health than any time for the past 30 years.

Dennis and I left at I o'clock to have another look for bear, up past lava mountain to overlook the plain, where I got the first caribou. We never saw a thing, and the wind was fiercely cold through the passes. We walked a lot to keep warm and came home early, as there was nothing to be seen.

Got home and waited for Cully until 9:00, then started dinner. He blew in at 9:30, cold, hungry, but very happy, though he had had a very hard day. We were some anxious for him, as the traveling among these rocks and bushes and marshes is not pleasant, and none too safe at night. But he got a goat, anyhow, and will describe his day himself.

Tomorrow we leave this camp with great regret, for many reasons, chief of which are: It has been seven days of great pleasure, in ideal country; and it means we are commencing our return journey.

P. S. by Doctor Culbert:—Once again I am handed the log with the peremptory command to write, and I'll go right to it.

Benny and I left camp about 8 and went N. E. to a higher glacier pass. The glacier is rounded at first, very steep and covered with volcanic dust,—later it is flat for a mile. As we climbed one of the first mounds about 200 feet high, following a caribou trail sideways up the mountain, just as we reached the top, we met four ewes coming up the opposite side on the same trail. They were not startled, and I did not want to frighten them, they did look so pretty, so turned north toward the top of the pass and the glacier. When I had gone a little way, I got off the horse and took a picture of them.

Then we went on over the glacier and through the pass and down the steep side of the mountain on the other side. We had seen sheep here another day, some Stone ewes and another bunch of pure white ones, which Benny said were Fannin, but I now believe they were goat.

After going up this beautiful and rugged valley some way, Benny spied a single goat,—a young billy, white as snow, high up on one of the rocky cliffs. We went on out of his sight, and then began to ascend the foothills with the horses. These we left tied about timber line and climbed up until we got to a point above the goat; then we came around the mountain on the rough rocks, until we could see him a little below us, and scarcely 15 yards away, lying on the edge of the cliff. His sharp eyes quickly caught our heads peeping at him, and I never saw a prettier sight.

Ben said, "Shoot him." Whether it was the cold wind that was blowing in our faces, or whether that beautiful animal charmed me, I don't know. I pulled up my gun slowly and fired. Instantly, the goat was on his feet, looked at me prettier than ever in his alertness, and was off around the cliff. Benny grabbed his rifle, and me by the arm, and commenced running around that jagged steep cliff like the goat. Shortly we saw him,—he had stopped to look back, prettier than ever. Benny offered me the gun, and again said, "Shoot." But I said, "No," and thought, "He is too pretty. He has won his liberty." Benny said, "Let me shoot." Without thinking, I nodded my head. Crack went the gun, and the goat fell, wedged in between two rocks, right on the brink of the precipice.

Then we climbed to get him. Benny skimmed out his head. I wanted the whole hide, but it could not be done from his position.

We returned to the horses, Benny minus a hat which had blown away, in spite of his having put stones on it. After reaching the horses, we went down into the valley and had lunch in a cold wind. Near our lunch place was a large excavation, where a bear had recently dug out a gopher.

Then we started back for camp, going by way of several other passes. The reason for this was that Benny thought it would not be any longer and would not be so steep. We were going along about 5 P. M., when we sighted two more goats on the side of the mountain across the valley. We crossed the valley to get a better look at them, and at 6:05 started to climb for them.

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I did not care if I was out all night, I was enjoying the day so. The foxy goats must have seen us, for they hid themselves in a ravine that led up the mountain. Occasionally they would look down and over at us, and on one such occasion I began firing, but it was a small target and a long distance for me,—400 to 500 yards, and I never touched him. Then Benny took the gun and went away and fired several times, but no use. It was growing dark, and the goats reached the top through the ravine they were in. I would have stayed over night and got after them in the morning, only I was afraid Ed. would be uneasy, and I would delay the departure in the morning, so went for camp through three passes and rough traveling, and shortly pitch darkness. The horses could see, however, and it was wonderful how they picked their way among the rocks, bogs, etc. At times the white moss helped us to see some of the ground.

September 15th.

"Stray Dog Camp."

This was the day set for breaking up our permanent camp and starting our return journey.

The morning broke cloudy, but before the packs were all adjusted, it cleared, and we had a nice sunny day to travel, but windy.

When within a mile of the new camp (which, however, we used on the way coming in) Dennis, who had walked a long way ahead, marked down a good bull caribou, lying solitary and alone a mile off the trail to the south.

Cully had still one coming to him, and from where we were, we could see the whole stalk along the steep hillsides across the valley, and I think we "in the gallery" had about as much fun as Cully, who had to work for his fun. They rode the horses to a point a little above the bull and off to the left. He was a tough beast to kill and took several bullets. Once he reeled completely over, and I thought he was finished, and so did Cully, so he walked toward him. But much to his surprise, he jumped up again and went on, to drop for good after another shot.

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The head is a very beautiful specimen, and Cully is well satisfied,—so now we have only bear to get, and they are some scarce. I can't say bear hunting in this district is a wildly exciting sport. First, there are very few bears; and second, the method of hunting is, leaving camp early and watching all day with the field glasses the rolling country from various points of vantage on the plain. So far I have not seen a single bear since those seen coming up the Stikine River, and it looks doubtful if I will.

Soon after reaching camp, a stray dog came in on our trail. He was lost and evidently had been lost a long time. One hind leg was almost useless, and Cully is to examine and see what is the matter. He would not eat, and we fear has been in contact with a hedge hog and got some quills in his mouth and throat, and perhaps that is the trouble with the leg. His joy at finding human beings was touching and pathetic. No one knows how far or how long the poor doggy has wandered.

Dennis says we are fortunate to have gotten on so long without snow. Hope it keeps off until we reach Telegraph Creek.

I want to put on record two facts about my companion and friend. First, he is the most careful man of his clothes. For instance, he brought a rain coat along which cost \$18.00. When it rains, you think, of course, he puts it on. Not at all. That coat is kept nice and dry in his saddle bag, while he proceeds to get soaking wet, thus saving the rain coat.

Second, he loves his old things. He brought along a 20-year-old rubber air mattress. It leaks air like a sieve,—has to be pumped every night, each pumping requiring 400 strokes of the pump,—and by morning is so flat, he is sleeping on the boughs. And a very old camera, which looks like it had been through the late war and all the battles; and a pair of boots, of which one sole soon began to flop from the toe, and has to be nailed shut every other day. But he loves his old friends with the same intensity as he does his old clothes.

### September 16th.

### "Stray Dog Camp."

Dennis and I left camp at 6:45 A. M. for a day's bear hunting, and returned at 6. P. M., wet and cold, as a rain came on about 4 o'clock, and the wind was icy. When we began to feel chilly, we walked and warmed up.

Traveled at least 15 miles all told, the direction being towards our next camp,—and we never saw a bear, nor any fresh bear signs.

Cully has just come in from a similar day's hunt and with the same experience to tell, though he says they did find where a bear had dug out a ground hog, within a couple of miles.

It seems evident that these animals are not frequenting this particular section, and tomorrow we are to investigate another region off more in the mountains. At the same time we are to move camp another stage and will occupy same ground we used coming out.

It rained some in the afternoon and it was cold. Camp and the big fire looked good to us.

### September 17th.

### "Grizzly Bear Camp."

Morning dawned clear, and weather good. Cully and I and our guides left camp at 7 A. M. ahead of the pack train, to spend the day looking for bear. The other boys packed up and went along to next camp, but caught us up as we finished luncheon. Cully and I separated, he going towards the mountains to the right, while Dennis and I came through and past our new camp, and went about seven miles beyond, searching the plains from the high places all the afternoon, but never saw a bear nor any fresh signs of bear, and Cully had the same experience. It was raw and cold with some cold showers.

The stray dog was invited to come along with the pack train, but he couldn't follow. We regret now we did not end his misery, for undoubtedly he was badly

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wounded by hedgehog quills, and could not recover, and Cully had no opportunity to help him, if that were possible.

We saw caribou and moose during the day and I got pictures of two beautiful caribou. Dennis saw one bull ahead which looked good, and as we could not and did not want to shoot him, Dennis said, "We make picture."

We rode up behind a little knoll,—caribou being on the other side,—and when we crept to the top, there were two of these most beautiful creatures, neither of which saw us. The nearest one was just about 80 to 100 feet away and facing us, with his head down, feeding. I got camera ready and Dennis whistled. He looked up and stood stock still, while I took two snaps. Then I got one of the other bull,—and then they went off 100 yards and examined us at their leisure, very interested in the horses. They probably never saw a horse before.

This taking of pictures was more fun than shooting the beasts. I also got a picture of a bull moose in the morning at about 150 yards, which I hope turns out good. Dennis called him, and he came quite a distance towards me.

September 18th.

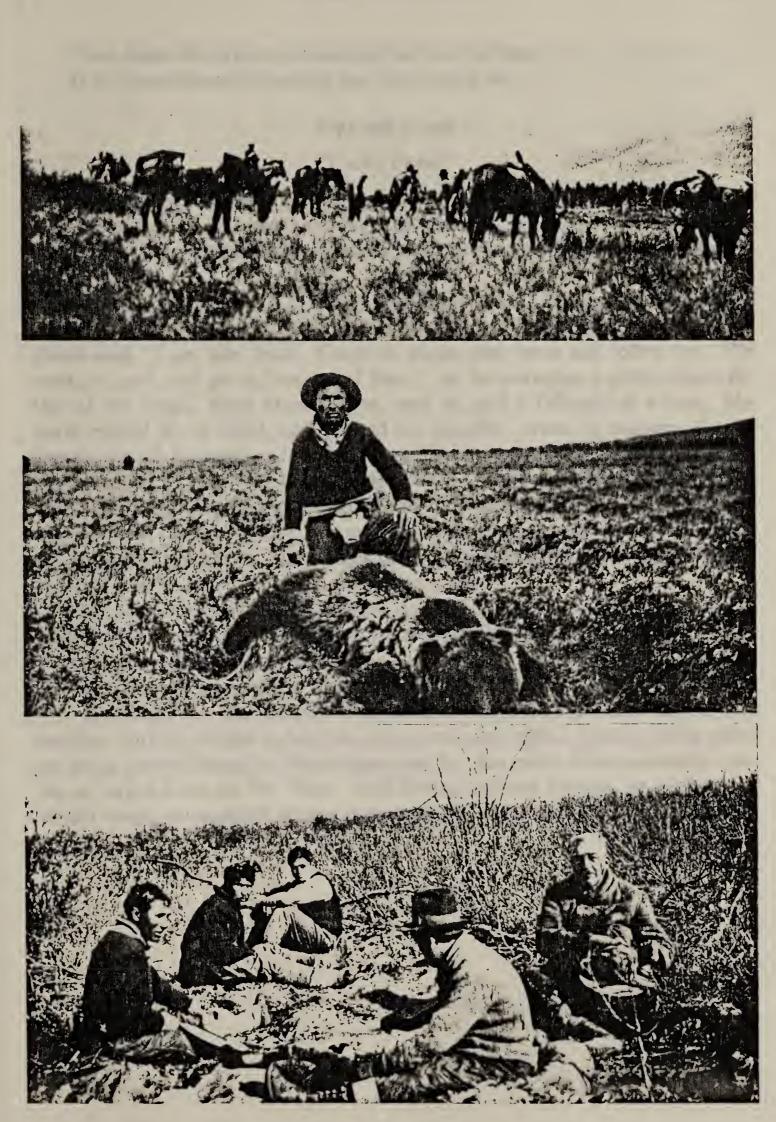
"Grizzly Bear Camp."

Cold night,—little snow on ground in the morning, and the ice in our water pail had to be broken with a stick. However, we slept with tent flaps well open, and slept like babes in the wood.

The morning didn't look good, but we were off at 7, Dennis and I going to the S. W., and Cully over into the mountains to the north. We had gone seven or eight miles, and it began to snow, and we couldn't see anything at a distance. So at 9 o'clock we got in the shelter of a clump of dwarf balsams, and it continued to snow until 12. We stayed there all the time, boiled the kettle, and at 12:30 started out, as it had stopped snowing. Got lighter then, the sun came out, and it was a good afternoon, with occasional snow squalls and a cold wind.

We saw no bear and no new signs. Rode about 20 miles and reached camp at 7, hungry. Cully started out in the morning, but when it began to snow—not being far from camp—they turned back and remained in camp until it stopped.

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- 1. LOADING PACK HORSES.
  2. DENNIS AND A SILVER TIPPED GRIZZLY KILLED BY MR. McCLELLAN, SEPTEMBER 19, 1923, THIS BEING THE PRIZE TROPHY OF THE HUNT.
  3. TO QUOTE DR. CULBERT, "NOTHING TO DO BUT BREATHE."



Then spent the afternoon hunting, but saw no bear. It is a most beautiful evening and has cleared off.

September 19th. "Cache Camp."

Broke camp, left Ned and Billy to adjust packs while Cully and I started out in different directions to put in the day bear hunting,—he towards the west, along under the mountains, and Dennis and I towards the S. W., where we had been the day before.

We got two and a half to three miles from camp. Dennis had dismounted to have a look over the plain with the glasses, when he suddenly and with emphasis said, "I see 'him' bear. Come on, mount him horse and follow me. We must go quick and get to leeward of him." So he started at a gallop down the side of the rough, stony mountain we were on, and I followed at a trot. My horse trotted like a camel, and bumped me awfully. After 15 minutes of this, Dennis got off for another look, and said, "Give me that mare,—you take mine,—him easier for you." This was better, and we continued down wind for a full mile, when Dennis suddenly said with dismay: "I lost he glasses." Sure enough, they bounced out of the case, and now we were handicapped, for the bear was one and a half miles away, and Dennis said, "must always keep 'you' eye on bear," and this wasn't easy at that distance and no glasses.

We turned back in a circle, hitched our horses, left our coats, and started to stalk the bear on foot. Dennis went off at a run, saying, "Don't try to keep up. I go ahead quick to keep track of bear." I followed as fast as my wind would permit, but was a poor second to Dennis.

We finally saw the bear, traveling about quickly, first in one direction, then another, until he seemed inclined to come across our right. Dennis fairly pulled me along around through a slight depression for 200 yards, he occassionally raising up to get a line on Mr. Bear. And having satisfied himself, he would come within range, we squatted among some boulders, ready for him.

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Soon he came in view, walking very quickly. I fired, and he turned back on a run, and I fired again. Could see he was hit. He went off at a run, however, and I could get no more shots.

Dennis said, "We git him yet, but must travel quickly," so I gave him the gun, for I couldn't hold the pace, and off he went, while I followed at my pace. They went over a mile. I lost sight of the bear, but could see Dennis coasting along some willows in a low place. Finally he caught up to the bear which had lain down, about done for, and Dennis put him out of his misery.

I was anxious to know where I hit him, and this proved easy of solution, for Dennis said the bear's tongue was hanging out all the time he was running, and his mouth was always open,—and besides a big chunk of fat was protruding from his side, so these were my two shots, one of which hit him after he started to run, one shot in the head and one in the side.

The bear looked big, but was only medium size. He had a good coat, however. Thus ended for me a very exciting day. Dennis went back for the horses and was gone two and one-half hours, having spent a lot of time looking for the glasses, which he did not find. And my hat was lost, too, but I have a warm cap in camp, and shall be all right for head gear.

This was a grizzly, and the first one I have seen since we came north, although we have been on the lookout all the time for them, and have put in at least seven days solid hunting for them, after my other bag was full. They are scarce in this section this year.

Bears' food, so far as we can learn, consists of fish, berries, roots, ground hogs and ground squirrels, which two latter animals are very plentiful all over. There being no berries in any of the sections we have come through, to speak of, we believe the bears have gone to the sections where there are berries, and that they come for the ground hog and squirrel when there are no berries, viz.: in spring and summer. We have seen every day where they have dug for these ground animals, but practically no fresh diggings.

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Augustus Beck, one of the Williamsport, Pa., party, now camped just below us, spent the evening with us yesterday. They had come from the "sheep" country, west of Mahlin, and he reported berries and bears plentiful, comparatively, there.

Dennis says when a bear is shot at and missed, he can run like a fox. The grizzly interests me, and I would like to know him better. Beck says his Indians are deathly afraid of grizzlies and mice. Anyhow, they never go about in the brush, unless armed, which seems unnecessary, unless bears are more plentiful than we have found them.

It was 4:30 when we started for camp. We had 12 miles to ride, and didn't get in until 8:45.

Cully had no luck, but had a long hard day's ride and was pretty tired. But Ned had a fine dinner of soup, ptarmigan, potatoes, tinned beans, pudding, and coffee, and Beck stayed until 11 o'clock. He seems a good sort.

While waiting for Dennis that two and a half hours, I saw some hunting of another sort than ours. A big flock of ptarmigan suddenly flew past me, each one using what seemed to me, bad language, and all talking,—soon followed by a big hawk. When he saw me, he flew off. Almost at once along came a big eagle, flying very low and making for the covey of ptarmigan. Suddenly he checked himself and made almost a straight "nose" dive into the bushes. But he didn't get his bird, for he soon flew off empty clawed. Thus is tragedy being enacted daily in these big barrens, where animal preys on animal, and man on all, while man is only preyed on by microbes.

September 20th.

"Cache Camp."

Went after bear again, but a snow storm came up about 2 o'clock and we came in, having seen nothing. No use staying out in the snow, because one can' see very far.

I got several pictures of caribou and one of a covey of at least 100 ptarmigan. This picture is specially for Mother. I wish she could see them and hear

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their "language." They are a constant entertainment, almost, but not quite, as good as the horses.

Cully is not back yet at 7:30. He went a long distance. Awfully cold today, with one-half inch of ice last night. It has now stopped snowing at 7:30, but looks like it will continue.

The old dog has followed us, and is getting on pretty well.

### September 21st.

### "Indian Cache Camp."

We broke up "Cache" Camp and started our real return journey. Cully and guide left at once after breakfast to hunt ahead for bear, and the rest of us got away at 11 o'clock.

There was no incident during the forenoon, except that the pack horses, being well rested, started a running race up the stony gulch. They all had horns lashed to the top of the packs, and were an amusing sight, but they caused consternation among the boys, because this running loosened up cinch ropes, making it necessary to re-pack several. Finally, the leading horse fell. This stopped the gang. This horse's pack had to be taken off, and he had to be rolled over down the hill to get him on his feet. Soon the horses settled to their work, and there was no more trouble. Dennis said, "Every one, he know he go home now." Smart little beasts, these.

Cully picked us up for luncheon. He had to find us, for we had the grub. Soon after we had sat down, Sam Harmon, one of the Williamsport men, hove in sight and joined us. This was our first sight of him since leaving Telegraph. He had grown an awful looking grey beard. He is an old(?) chap of 66, had smoked glasses, and I would not have known him. He and his partner, Bell, had had very bad luck, and had nothing but some poor sheep and goat heads, and he was blue.

Along about 5, we ran into Bell, who was hunting on foot, seven miles away from camp,—and he had a beard and was also blue. They were looking for caribou and moose.

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We are going home over "Level" Mountain, which is shorter and all right in good weather and no snow, but otherwise not good. It now snows every night, but melts during the day. We sleep fine, but Cully thinks he doesn't get enough. The trouble is, it takes so long to make camp and get dinner; it is usually 8:30 before dinner, and we can't get to bed as early as we would like.

### September 22nd.

It snowed an inch during the night, and we got packed and started at 10, going along the base of the mountain for a mile above the willows where it was soft,—then over a round top mountain of grass in S. E. direction. From that we could look down into the valley of the Mahlin River, 40 miles above Mahlin Telegraph Station, where we crossed that river on the way in,—and off on to Level Mountain, which we are making for. Away across country to the S. W. loomed Hart Mountain, where I shot the goats.

Boiled the kettle and had luncheon at Elting's old Wolf Camp, where he and Dennis put in five days once for moose.

After luncheon, across many ravines and many swampy bogs,—which are said to be the bane of this route. Across two of these the horses had to be led, one at a time, but all were negotiated without having to take off the packs.

For luncheon we roasted ptarmigan on a spit, each man having a whole bird, except Cully and me, who have not an Indian's appetite. Dennis was very hungry, and whistled and sang all through the "muck-amuck" festivities, as happy as any Indian could be, because all was going so well, and from pure healthy spirits. He shifted from rubber to moccasins at luncheon. In putting these latter on, they first make a good pad of dry grass, lay this on a piece of burlap and one of woolen, wind this over the foot, then over all put and tie the moccasin.

It began to sleet at I o'clock, which turned to rain, and we traveled in the wet all the afternoon until 5:30, when we made camp. I kept dry, except for my feet, which were some wet, the rain coat and leggins being a good protection. Cully got good and wet, but is happy to feel that his rain coat was perfectly dry!

The boys soon had tents up and big fires of Jack pine stumps roaring; clothes were put on lines to dry, beds were made, and soon the discomforts of the afternoon were forgotten, thanks to fires, dry clothes and a splendid dinner of tomato soup, wild mutton, potatoes, etc., and—don't forget,—some more of the fine "Elting" pudding with the unmentionable name.

September 23rd.

"Jack Pine Camp."

There is a special interest attaching to this camp, and we call it "The Camp of the Mysterious Bed." Cully and I can't solve it,—and the reader would be less able to if he knew the facts. Perhaps later the mystery may be solved, and if it is, I will explain it.

It has rained all night, and this morning looks some better, and we shall lunch about 11 and go on.

We got into spruce timber yesterday, the largest we have seen, and it was a perfect joy, to come from those great barren plains, where we had been for 20 days,—again out into and among the beautiful trees we are accustomed to. They seemed to hold out welcoming arms to us, and greeted us as old friends.

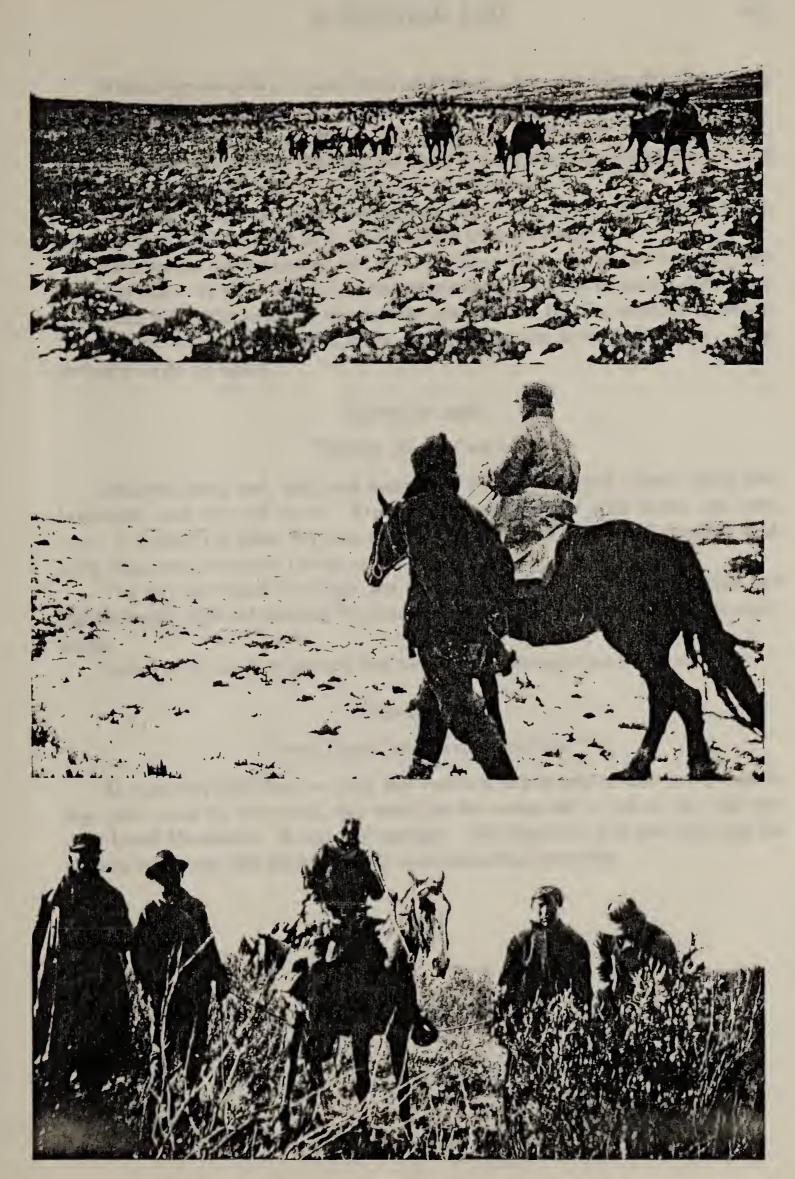
While, as I said, it rained all night in camp, this morning the mountain and trail we covered yesterday were deep in a foot of snow, and we are sorry for Bell and Harmon, who are to cover this same trail, in our rear.

The boys are shoeing horses this morning. We held off starting until the rain let up and had a light luncheon at 12, and got away about 2.

It began to rain and continued pouring until 5:30,—the hardest rain we have been in. It is worth recording that Cully wore his rain coat all the afternoon. Crossed some deep ravines, some bad bogs, but on the whole the trail was through sparse Jack pine and spruce, and pretty good.

Reached the Mahlin River at 6:30 for camp, but Ned is so particular, we did not get dinner until 9:30. This consisted of ptarmigan, which were delicious, Elting pudding, etc., etc.

# C. C. Salvey



VIEWS OF THE FIRST SNOWFALL ON LEVEL MOUNTAIN,



With a big camp fire of pine roots and stumps, we were soon dry and warm, and had a wonderful sleep.

There are plenty of salmon in this river, but the beavers have dammed it, and as the salmon can't get through the dam, and we were camped above, we had no time or inclination to go down stream and catch them.

Plenty of ducks, and this morning two big flocks of wild geese went south, one flock having at least 75 in it. This means colder weather.

Now we are off for timber line on Level Mountain,—a full day's work. We both feel fine. It will be wet, because every bush and tree is loaded with snow which fell last night,—which means rain coats again, but the weather is better.

The elevation is 4,400 feet, while at previous camp is was 4,800 feet. Now we begin to go up again.

### September 24th.

# "Mahlin River Camp."

Reached here, wet, cold and hungry at 6:30; had good dinner, sleep and breakfast, and were off early. Trees and bushes covered with snow, and very wet. Followed the river for two miles, then began to climb, and crossing first high ridge, struck spruce timber again.

The day developed few bogs, but some big ravines,—then up to higher and higher levels, until we reached "timber line" of Level Mountain, where we made camp.

Saw five moose, but country had too much bush and trees to see well.

### September 25th.

# "First Camp on Level Mountain."

It was very cold, but we slept like Indians, warm and comfortable, expecting, from what the boys said, this would be the worst day's trail of all,—the one over Level Mountain. It was bad enough. The elevation is 6,200 feet, and the mountain is a long flat plain of pretty well uniformed elevation.

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The wind was strong and cold and straight in our faces all day, and we were not sorry when the day's ride and walk (for we had to walk some to warm up) was over. Now we are camped on the other side of the mountain. There were three inches of snow on the mountain. The horses balled up, but traveled very quickly, as they didn't like the wind any better than we did.

They call this "Level Mountain," because, as I have said, it is a great high plain, and was looked forward to with anxiety by Dennis,—for a bad storm or fog would make its passage a hardship. The surface of the mountain, however, was anything but level, being all hummocks, and hard to walk over.

Saw three Indians over on next ridge, and Dennis rode over to interview them. They were snaring ground squirrels. Then he disappeared for a long time. He had been down to see his father-in-law and mother-in-law, who were camping by the Taltan River. They gave him 50 pounds of moose meat for his family, and gave us ptarmigan, which we will have for dinner.

Indians take their families camping, as we go to the seashore or mountains, but whereas the expense of our trips is large, the expense of theirs is nothing. They catch and kill their food, and a little money goes a long way.

### September 26th.

### "Second Camp on Level Mountain."

Dennis' young brother-in-law, 16 years old, hove in sight as we were packing up this morning. He had two dogs and had come over to our camp, where his father had a cache,—for some meat. He was a smart looking boy. He said he got 30 ptarmigan the day before with a bow and arrow. They also build low fences of willows, running up to various narrow outlets, where snares are placed, and catch many that way. They took 25 ground squirrels with snares yesterday. The wants of these Indians are few, and nature supplies them easily, and with the minimum of effort.

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Continued our course over Level Mountain, but at a slightly lower elevation, our average elevation being 5,300 feet. It was a beautiful bright day, but again a strong cold wind to face. However, it was a good day, and we made about 12 miles, and are camped along some timber, but not in it.

September 27th.
"Ned Brooks' Camp."

"Third Camp on Level Mountain"—Elevation 5,000 Feet.

There was a big ring around the moon last night, and we had our first view of Northern Lights, but of limited brilliancy. Snow began to fall at 9 A. M.—we got away at 9:30, and it snowed hard until noon. Cleared in the afternoon, and we made 12 to 15 miles, starting to descend Level Mountain, on which we had traveled three days,—coming down through a large burned track, used as horse pasture in autumn.

There were no ptarmigan, but Dennis shot 20 yesterday. Our wild mutton is just finished, I am sorry to say. It has been the most delicious wild meat I have ever eaten. Wild sheep have a peculiar, but not unpleasant odor, and it is the same odor as the balsam and willow have up here. Passing through clumps of these trees, one smells "sheep."

The boys always build a roaring fire at luncheon time, and if the traveling has been wet, they off with their foot gear, heat up and partly dry their foot covering. They are much more careful of their feet than we are.

Dennis, the optimist, makes our fire every morning between 6 and 6:30, and every morning shouts out: "Fine day,—everything go fine, make good trip to-day. 'Putty' soon he clear. All have good time 'bimeby.' The sun, he come soon." His great swear word is "Ginger." Billy uses awful cuss words at the horses, but he doesn't know what they mean and are not offensive,—though if said by most, would be much so. Billy is the horse wrangler, and has to start out in his hunt for them before daylight, and sometimes he doesn't get back before 9:30 or 10 o'clock. He makes himself a cup of coffee before he starts.

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SEPTEMBER 28th, "CAMP ON TABLEAR PLATEAU"—ELEVATION 3800 FEET.



The work of making camp is divided up. Cook puts up his cook tent and stove himself. The others unpack the horses, erect our tent, make our fire, gather a lot of wood, put up their own tent, etc., and when all is done and everything covered, they have a nice cup of cocoa, which we share. This is needed, for it takes cook two and a half to three hours to get dinner after we land. As the English say,—"they do themselves very well,"—and I presume the "chow" on a trip like this is better than they get at home, and they can eat some.

I am writing while waiting for dinner. We have come down from 5,000 feet elevation today to 3,800 feet,—and Cully seems to feel the change from the stimulation of the higher altitude,—for, for nearly 40 days now, we have been up in the air around the 5,000 feet mark all the time, and that was stimulating.

### September 28th.

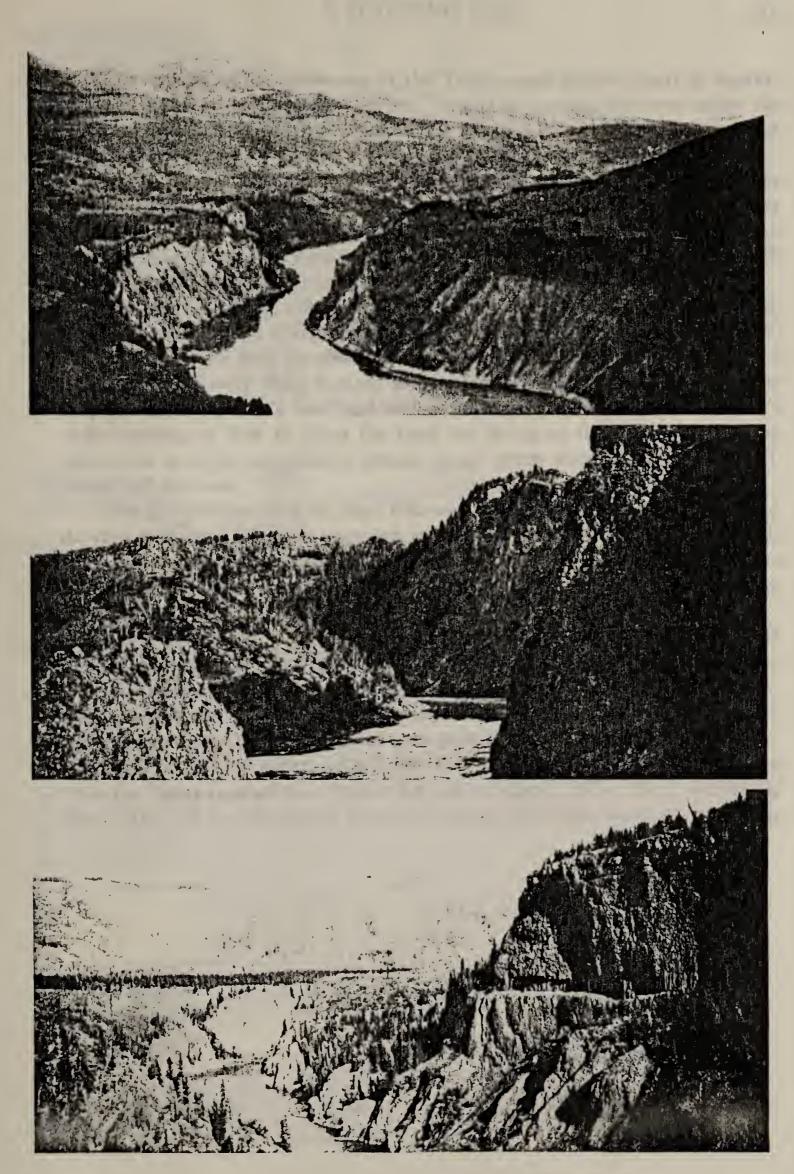
"Camp on Tabltan Plateau"—Elevation 3,800 Feet.

This was fine camp, on dry ground, in spruce and Jack pine,—it was warmer in the lower elevation, and we slept splendidly. It rained all night, and we went to sleep with tent flaps wide open, while listening to the patter of the rain on the roof, and in the glare of a big camp fire in front. Morning came clear, and the whole day was perfect. The trail dropped and dropped first through the black pine (our first view of this tree), then through much popple, whose yellow leaves turned the bright sunlight into gold,—until at the Stikine River level, reached about 3, the elevation was only 1,650 feet. So that, since yesterday morning, we have dropped down 3,350 feet.

While at luncheon in a beautiful glade of popple, we saw an Indian on horse-back, back half a mile on top of a high sharp pointed hill, rounding up horses. Soon he brought them where we were, he and his seven-year-old brother. They sure looked like wild people. They yarned awhile, and then left. Later they came along to our camp, the little chap riding bareback, intending to make Telegraph Creek tonight—ten miles.

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VIEWS OF THE TABLEAN AND STRAINC RIVERS, BOTH STREAMS IN DEEP GORGES.



The scenery at the confluence of the Tabltan and Stikine rivers is impressive, as both streams are in deep gorges. Near the junction we came out on the Government road, which is being built for the use of caterpillar tractors, for hauling machines and supplies up to the mines near Dease Lake.

We took several pictures here, in one of which we got a Billy goat, on the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, across the Stikine. Cully was shy of one goat, but there was no way of getting this goat. If shot from our side, which could have been done, he would have fallen in the swift river, and as they will not float, he would have been killed to no purpose.

We visited Tabltan village, a very old Indian village, but almost deserted, there being less than a dozen people there. There was a little church, however, where services are held occasionally. It seemed good to see this evidence of Christianity. Surely these Indians are a vanishing race, due largely to their adoption of white man's food and manner of living, without the white man's understanding of how to adapt the food and living to their needs. Shutting themselves in tight unventilated houses causes germ diseases, of which T. B. carries off the most.

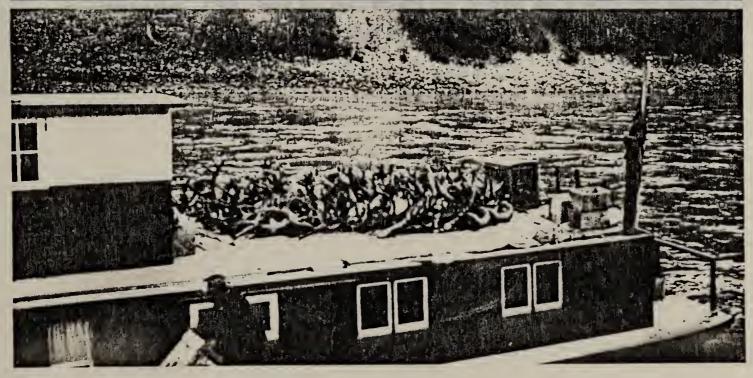
The government road we have followed since 3 o'clock, climbs the face of the very steep cliffs along the river and follows along at a dizzy height. We rode for a time, but the horses persisted in keeping on the side next the declivities, so we walked,—it was safer. There was much evidence of volcanic eruptions along the river.

Along today's trail, before we came to the river, we passed the haystacks Dennis had put up for food for his horses this winter. He cuts the swamp grass around little lakes,—but the horses really shift for themselves until about Christmas. He also had various caches of tools, cooking utensils, etc., along this trail, and we have seen others of his at different points of this trip.

They pointed out today old and deep trenches where, they said, in the olden times the Indians cached their salmon for winter's food. Now, this is differently done. The fish are dried and smoked in rough buildings, made of small logs







DOWN THE STIKINE WITH TROPHIES.



loosely placed in house form, the fish being placed on the roof. The salmon is an important article of diet to these people.

We have seen several Indian graves, all placed in a commanding position on a hill. They bury in the ground, then build a small wooden house over it. The reason we do not see more is that there is no provision made for permanent care.

### September 29th.

"Stikine River Camp," or "Ten-Mile Camp"—Elevation 1,800 Feet.

Our final camp, which we left early this morning, reaching Telegraph Creek at 12:30 P. M., where the inhabitants were excited to see us, and Hyland well concealed his satisfaction that the horses came in, in good condition and with no accidents, fatter than when they went out,—and that we had such a successful hunt and good time.

The boat, with Ted Sterling in charge, was at the wharf, and was to leave for Wrangell on the 3rd, so we had three and one-half days to wait and kill, in that wretched little place.

Burnes and Riley, riding ahead of their train, caught us on the trail, this morning, and rode with us, giving us a graphic description of their experiences with grizzlies, of which they saw 17. Their train came in about 5,—and next day came Beck's party and Robinson's party,—and on the 2nd, Bell's party, with a record caribou, with  $65\frac{1}{2}$ " length of horn and  $55\frac{1}{2}$ " spread,—the world's record for the Osborne caribou.

Everyone was happy and satisfied with their hunt and outfit, except Burnes and Riley, who complained much about their head guide, McClusky.

We put in the time preparing and boxing the scalps and labelling, and at 5:30 A. M., on the 3rd, all started down river. Cully and I slept on the boat, so did not have to get up early. The trip was pleasant, cloudy, but little rain, and no game seen. Cully kept his gun handy for grizzly as he and Harman were the only two who shot none, and it was arranged they should do the shooting if one were seen.

At Wrangell we got cleaned up and into fresh clothes, beards were shaved off, and at 6 P. M. on the 4th, the "Princess Alice" came, and we reached Vancouver early Sunday morning, the 7th, leaving at once by another boat for Seattle, where we arrived the same evening.

#### Notes on Guides.

Mike McClusky—Burnes' and Riley's head guide,—while enjoying heretofore a fine reputation, was most unsatisfactory, having poor control over his men, and being independent, slow, and disagreeable.

Billy Fann—Beck's guide, was very highly spoken of, and most satisfactory. Beck said he was very strenuous and well suited to a man who was used to hunting. But Beck was strenuous himself, and no doubt conveyed to Fann that he, Beck, could keep up with any speed, which he could. Was a fine camp manager.

Lou Becker—Their second guide, they said was "100% in every respect." He was considerate of his men and an even-tempered, first class man.

Scotty Dennis—Was their horse wrangler, and was an absolutely good and first-class man. He was the tall, lank, happy Indian, with the big mouth and smile.

Harry Carlek—Their cook, Beck said, was "the best cook in the Cassiar." Ned Tate—Was also said to be a good cook.

Little Dick—Bell's guide, is a good man, but cranky. Wouldn't let them shoot for meat. Probably all right.

Sammy Frank—Their cook, good.

Pete Henyu—Robinson's guide,—"first class, and perfectly satisfactory." Robinson was outfitted by Hudson Bay Company, who were annoyed at Henyu, because at the last minute he refused to go if a certain horse wrangler whom he had previously accepted, went. But I am satisfied Henyu is a good man.

Dennis Hyland—Our guide, was a splendid manager, good hunter, cheerful and happy, considerate, and above the ordinary Indian or white man in intelli-

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gence and character. He furnished five of the horses, and looked after his stock well.

Benny Frank—Second guide, great worker, active and cheerful, but hasn't sense enough or balance enough to make a good hunter.

Ned Brooks—Cook,—good cook,—and intelligent, but towards the last got cranky with the other boys for no apparent reason. Is part Jap. Was very slow getting meals, but very particular to give us good ones.

### Very Essential Equipment.

- I pair strong leather boots, large.
- I pair rubber boots, large, with leather tops.
- I rain coat, light.
- 1 Mackinaw coat.
- 2 wool shirts.
- I leather jacket.
- I sweater, light.
- I pair skin gloves.
- I pair wool gloves.
- I cap, with ear protectors.
- I pair wool breeches.
- I pair jungle cloth breeches, big enough to go over the wool ones. Plenty of socks.
- 4 suits underclothes.
- 2 towels.
- 2 pair field glasses.
- 2 rifles
- 2 .22 automatic, Winchester.
- I Woods' sleeping bag.
- I air mattress.
- I flashlight.
  Shoe grease.
- I gun scabbard.
  - Gun cleaning materials.
  - Supply copper tags for scalps with name and numbers on, and copper wire.

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- I duffle bag for bedding.
- I duffle bag for balance of stuff.
- 12 paraffin bags. Camera and films. Smòking tobacco.
  - 1 rubber drinking cup.

#### P. S. by Dr. Culbert.

There are a few other comments or conclusions I would like to make:

First, that this has been, as I have remarked before, the most wonderful trip imaginable,—far beyond the possibility of description in words.

Second, that I would never have dreamed of taking it, if I had not been literally dragged, invited and cajoled into it by my friend, whom, for reasons I may explain later, I have dubbed Sir Edwin McIntosh McClellan, and for which dragging I shall never cease to thank him.

Third, I have learned a lot on this trip, which I hope I will be able to retain, learned both from Sir Edwin, and from Dennis and the other Indians.

Edwin, in fact, is a real sport, a born hunter. He goes after his game and he gets it from sheer determination and optimism, in addition to being a first-class shot. I cannot help but admire his viewpoint,—in fact, I feel that I must have absorbed, unconsciously, a considerable amount of his spirit, or I would have come home without any game at all. With him, game was the first consideration. If he got the game, everything was fine, regardless of whether it rained or shined; if he did not get the game one day, he was surely going to get it the next day. In this optimism, he had an excellent running mate in Dennis.

I started in with a different viewpoint. To me, when I started in, the game, outside of grizzlies, was entirely a secondary consideration. I was so happy to be permitted and able to enjoy the wonderful air, the wonderful scenery and the outdoor life, that I did not look for or want more, until I gradually and very slowly absorbed some of Ed's ideas. Another thought that has been with us both throughout the entire trip, is that how much we would have enjoyed it, if only the instigator of the trip, Mr. Robert McClellan, could have been along with us.





